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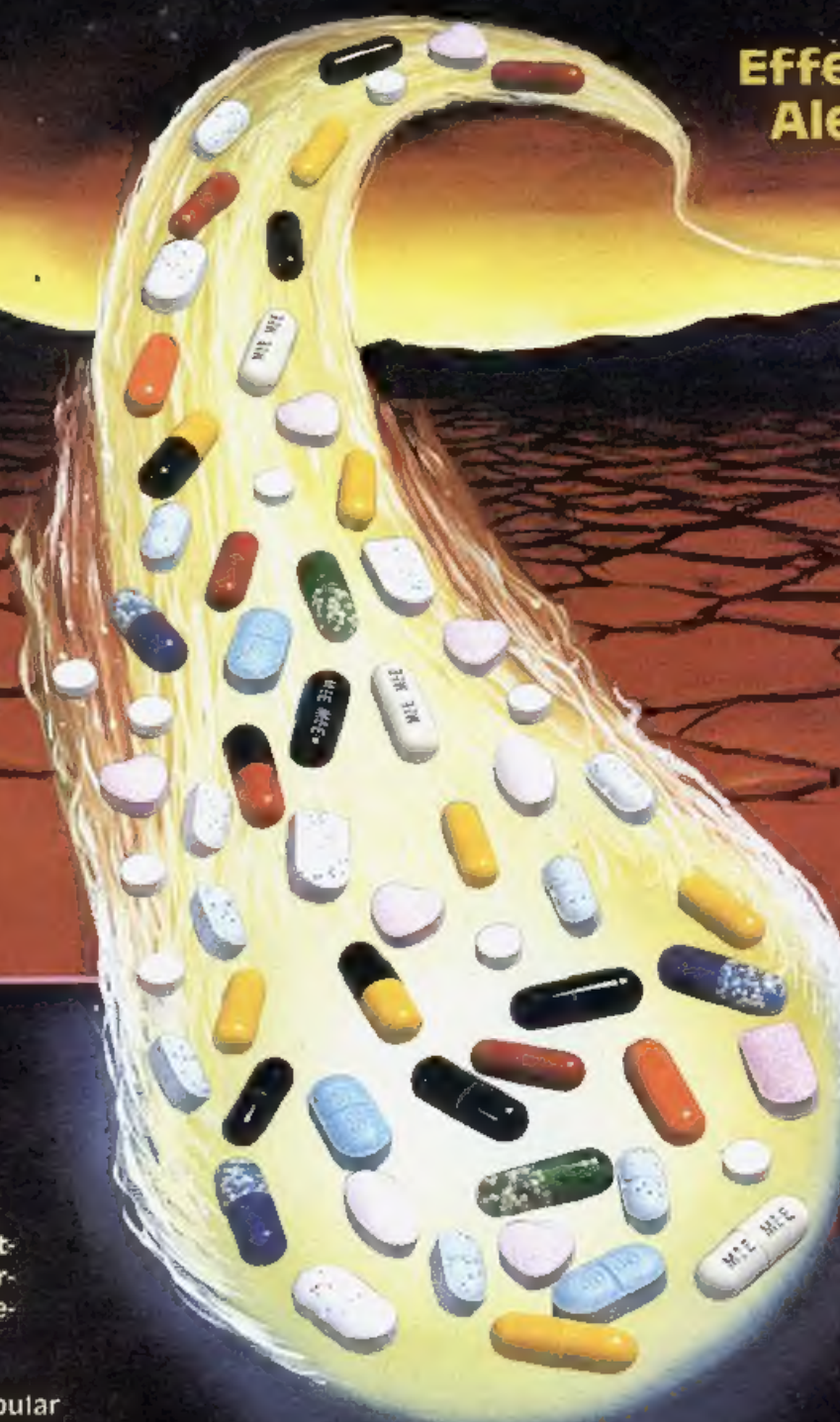


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Editor's Note

On the occasion of the 11th anniversary of HIGH TIMES, we naturally congratulate ourselves on a decade plus one year's worth of truly provocative journalism. Begun as an inspired media vision by late founder Tom Forcade, HIGH TIMES has weathered the highs and lows of both the magazine publishing business and the changing political climate to become one of the genuinely progressive cultural voices in our society. Now redesigned and updated, the new HIGH TIMES is one of the few uncompromising magazines left in a publications field glutted with sappy celebrity "news," yuppie consumerism, and conservative crapola. From the responses we've been getting since starting our changes in February of this year, you, our readers, like what we're doing, and we intend to pour it on in forthcoming issues, adding to the already impressive legacy of HIGH TIMES.

Rest assured that we will continue our battle against a political environment which reeks of the Frightened '50s, with its racism, its war threats, its blind governmental oppression and its absurd policies on recreational drugs, policies so misguided and counterproductive that even straight citizens like columnists Mike Royko and William F. Buckley, Jr. have recently called for the immediate legalization of drugs.

Stay tuned to HIGH TIMES for the most authoritative, colorful, and hard-hitting reports on the important issues of our times, as we go for an even dozen outrageous years of journalistic highs.

From on high,

John Howell

Editor-in-Chief

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June 1985 • No. 118 • HIGH TIMES (ISSN #0362-630X) is published monthly by Trans-High Corporation, Robert Aronson, President • Mail subscriptions (payable in U.S. funds) and changes of address (please include most recent mailing label) to Box 965, Farmingdale, NY 11735 • Allow 6 to 8 weeks for delivery of first issue or for change of address • Subscriptions in the United States: 12 issues for \$24.50, 24 issues for \$44.50 • Single copy price: \$3.50 • In Canada: 12 issues for \$30.50, 24 issues for \$56 • All other countries by surface mail: 12 issues for \$30.50 • All other countries by airmail: \$59 • Offices at 17 West 60th St., New York, NY 10023 • Controlled circulation postage paid at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and at additional mailing offices • Manuscripts must be accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope • All contributions will be carefully considered, but the publisher and editors assume no responsibility for loss or injury to unsolicited material • Copyright © 1985 by Trans-High Corporation. Nothing in this publication may be reproduced in any manner, either in whole or in part, without specific written permission of the publisher. All rights reserved. "High Times" is a registered trademark. HIGH TIMES and Trans-High Corporation assume no responsibility for any claims or representations contained in this magazine or in any advertisement, nor do they encourage the illegal use of any of the products advertised herein. All advertising and advertised products void where prohibited. Postmaster: Please send address changes and form 3579 to HIGH TIMES, P.O. Box 965, Farmingdale, NY 11735.

Billy Boy

Finally, someone asked the old cut-up about the right stuff, writers and writing, instead of the same old stories ["Just Plain Bill," Mar. '85 HIGH TIMES]. What a smart treat.

—Harvey Kinsolving
Memphis, Tenn.

Get hip. William Burroughs is an old geezer. Can't you guys get it?

—J.J. Johnson
New Canaan, Conn.

I like the William Burroughs interview in the March issue. He's a good writer. Not slime like the likes of Sidney Sheldon or those other trash writers the American capitalist sick system is always trying to pawn off on us. Keep up the good work. Stay cool and smoke grass. Target practice. Yeah.

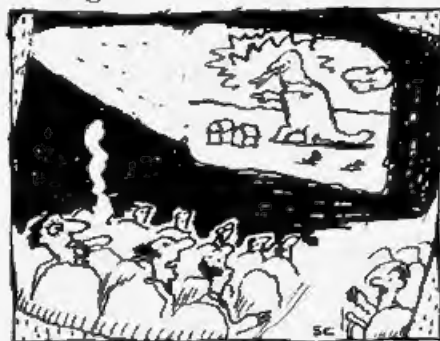
—Anonymous
Jackson, Miss.

Second Course

"Art Against War" [Mar. '85 HIGH TIMES] was neat. How about "Art Against Hunger," or "Art Against Racism" next? I like art, but I really like art which makes a strong statement.

—Melvin Downing
Chicago, Ill.

"Art Against War" was a book excerpt, but it did give us the idea to look around the art scene for some of the very ideas you mention. We're working on it.—Ed.



Movie Madness

I like to get stoned when I go to the movies. Do most people do this? Is that why the "Dope in the Movies" article [Mar. '85 HIGH TIMES] was in the magazine? I hear that Hollywood is full of dope. Why don't you write about that?

—Lisa Elvery
Evanston, Ill.

Everyone in Hollywood is a fucking hypocrite, that's why. They don't want

to talk to us because the milquetoasts are afraid of telling the truth.—Ed.

Coke Controversy

What gives with you all? A couple years back, you ran a story on your cover saying, "Thumbs Down on Coke." Now you run a cover calling it "the All-American drug" [Mar. '85 HIGH TIMES]. Have you taken so many drugs that you're totally schizophrenic? Or have you really changed your mind about coke?

—Val Parker
Minneapolis, Minn.

So, HIGH TIMES has jumped on the Yuppie bandwagon with the rest of the accountants and stockbrokers who think cocaine is "the All-American drug." What a load of crap! The All-American drug? How 'bout the All-Asshole drug!

—Shroom Lover
Baker, Oreg.

I have been using—not abusing—drugs since the '60s and have been a regular reader of your magazine since its inception. I have always appreciated HIGH TIMES' accurate information on the subject of drugs and have admired your courage in denouncing dangerous drugs even though your readers might not have agreed with you. I refer specifically to your cover story a few years back in which you declared, "Thumbs Down on Coke." Now you seem to have reversed yourself with March's "All-American drug" cover. I have no complaints about Dean Latimer's article. It was his usual balanced, well-researched journalism. But your glorification of the drug on your cover, at a time when the cocaine problem is truly scary, was, in my opinion, irresponsible. Please keep up the good work, but don't forget to exercise caution when dealing with dangerous drugs.

—Melanie Rawlings
Amherst, Mass.

Pot is the All-American drug, not coke. Coke is for wimps. The great-

est drug in America—hell, the greatest drug in the world—is marijuana. That's spelled P-O-T. Got it?

—Hank
Hailey, Ida.

First of all, we never called coke "the All-American drug." We were quoting one of Reagan's henchmen, who coined that catch phrase at Crime Commission hearings on coke. We wanted to point out the irony of the



Reagan administration—for whom "All-American" is the ultimate accolade—applying the term to a drug they supposedly loathe. Nor did HIGH TIMES ever say, "Thumbs down on coke." That opinion was rendered by "R," who also said, "Ban the Bud," and practically made a career out of trying to eliminate indica. The point is, HIGH TIMES' mission is to present all the facts about drugs—especially a drug as pervasive as cocaine—along with opinions about drugs from responsible writers. We're not in the business of passing judgment on drugs or the people who use them. We just want everyone to have high times in his or her favorite way and to stay healthy and happy in the process. Got it?—Ed.

Three cheers for the All-American drug! Coke is the best drug for partying, the best drug for rocking, the best drug for fucking. Coke is the best.

—The Snowman
Northridge, Calif.

I don't know if it is "the All-American drug," but as a woman who has tasted the sensual highs of
/ continued on next page

/ continued from previous page
cocaine, I can certainly attest to the "pleasures" of the drug. The search for the elusive aphrodisiac ends with cocaine, the ultimate sexual stimulant.

—Leita

Key Largo, Fla.

I had to work real hard to get the point of "Cocaine 1985," but it was worth it. The way I figure it, Dean Latimer was telling me that coke wouldn't kill me, but he was saying to be careful with the stuff. Is that the story in a nutshell?

—Curious and Cautious

Los Angeles, Calif.

Well, yes and no. Clearly, cocaine is a complex subject, and we strongly urge you to re-read "Cocaine 1985" until you can recite it in your sleep, just like the entire editorial staff. Then we can talk.—Ed.



Answered Prayers

Thank you for your recent article by Dean Latimer, "The Complete Cannabis Q & A" [Feb. '85 HIGH TIMES]. Very informative. Keep up the good work.

—Rev. Wally Bachman
Honolulu, Hawaii

Taxing Time

February '85, Dean Latimer explained that if a legislator came up with a taxation-and-regulation scheme involving the legal consumption of marijuana, he or she would be crucified. Dean is probably right. He also said that the idea is never going to happen.

Isn't it time something happened? Marijuana consumers have been crucified since before Christ. It is not just the legislators but also the newspapers and the media who oppress marijuana consumers, by only reporting the bad side of the story. The media will jump on a big drug bust with cameras and reporters like it was the crime of the century. In reality, it's only a couple of guys

out trying to make a living.

We rarely hear or see any good articles or stories about the good side of marijuana. Have you ever wondered if the legislators and the media are right? Maybe marijuana really is an evil menace that is assassinating the minds of this country's youth?

After 20 years of open-minded, self-inflicted research, I have a different opinion of the effects caused by marijuana consumption. I do not recommend it for children on a regular basis and I don't condone stealing to support one's habit. I don't like being considered a criminal. The only law I break is the one that makes marijuana consumption illegal.

At the beginning of the movie "Reefer Madness," there is some old fart preaching drug education. He's right. The people of America have an obligation to the children to educate them about marijuana. The children must be told the truth and something must be done about victimless crimes and worthless laws.

As a consumer, I suggest that this idea of taxation not be dropped. It just needs a little work. If one of our lawmakers would look at the amount of tax dollars that could be collected if marijuana were regulated and taxed, he or she might see light at the end of this country's budget tunnel.

As a consumer, I really don't like the taxation idea, but ya gotta give a little to get a little. Education is needed, not legislation against harmless citizens who peacefully enjoy getting high. The best thing to do is to go smoke a joint and forget about the whole damn political mess.

—D.R.M. Jensen
Wisconsin

You're Welcome

I'd like to congratulate you folks at HIGH TIMES for publishing a great magazine. I love the stories you do about artists like Kenny Scharf (Feb. '85 HIGH TIMES).

—Sunshine
Southeastern Mass.

CORREX

In April's table of contents, the author of "Jamaica: Touring the High Way" should have been listed as Steve Cohen.

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Psychedelic Storm

Fantasy artists Roger and Martyn Dean have a modest goal in life: they want to redesign the world. In their new book, *Magnetic Storm*, the sequel to the hugely successful *Views*, they offer a strong game plan for doing just that. The Dean Brothers were the force behind some of the most innovative album covers, rock concert stage sets and book publishing ventures of the past two decades. They are also involved in numerous projects that are in various stages of completion, such as an animated version of *War of the Worlds* (pictured here). Now they are setting their sights on broader horizons. Their ultimate ambition is to put their stamp on the architecture of our big cities, in hopes of making our living environment more *livable*. "The lives of city-dwellers are plagued by mental pollution: the oppressive business architecture of the concrete jungle, the noise and stench of traffic," reads one passage in *Magnetic Storm*. "The standard of their lives could be improved dramatically by recreating a pleasant, interesting environment." If the psychedelic vision expressed in *Magnetic Storm* is any indication of where the Dean brothers want to take us in the future, we'll be happy to go.

All Messed Up

A group of students from the University of Massachusetts have invented a great new game called *U. Mess*, the sole object of which is—you guessed it!—getting loaded. In the words of Tricia Donovan Stearly, one of the inventors (her partners are Nancy Amaral and Susan Connors), *U. Mess* is a board game that "involves the rolling of dice to determine moves along squares which give a variety of college-related reasons for smoking marijuana and drinking." The squares contain instructions such as "You thought the calculus final was *next* Friday. Do two bong hits." And "Financial Aid office makes computer error and pays your full tuition. Drink two shots to celebrate!" Or "Transfer Affairs has no record

of your prior two years of college. Do one bong hit." Then there's the "Piss-or-Play option," in which a player landing on a yellow square is given the option of following the printed instruction on that square or going to the bathroom. It should be noted that this is the *only* time a player may go the the john. The three young inventors, who've since graduated (don't ask us how!), are now trying to find a national distributor for *U. Mess*.



Nod-ical Follies



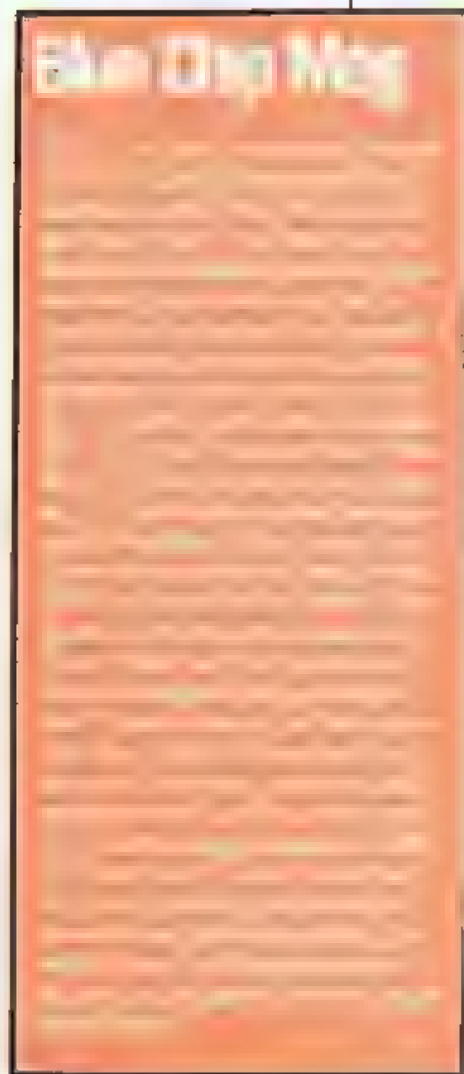
You've heard of "White Punks on Dope"; now comes *Mermaids on Heroin*. That's the name of a new rock stage show/video conceived and performed by a collective of cutting-edge New York multi-media hipsters. And while the performers

aren't *really* mermaids (shucks) and aren't *really* on heroin, the show is one of the coolest pieces of rock theater we've ever seen. A spacey narrative links together a string of original and classic rock tunes, performed by a wildly talented troupe of performers, backed by a white-hot rock combo. Joey Arias, the landlocked Neptune behind the *Mermaids*, has made a videotape of the show for national distribution and wants *Mermaids on Heroin* to take its place alongside *General Hospital* as an addictive TV soap opera.

We're not sure the idea will catch on with the soap set, but we'd certainly rather watch *Mermaids on Heroin* than *People's Court*!

Dope Lore

—Tallulah Bankhead



Miami: The Heat Is On

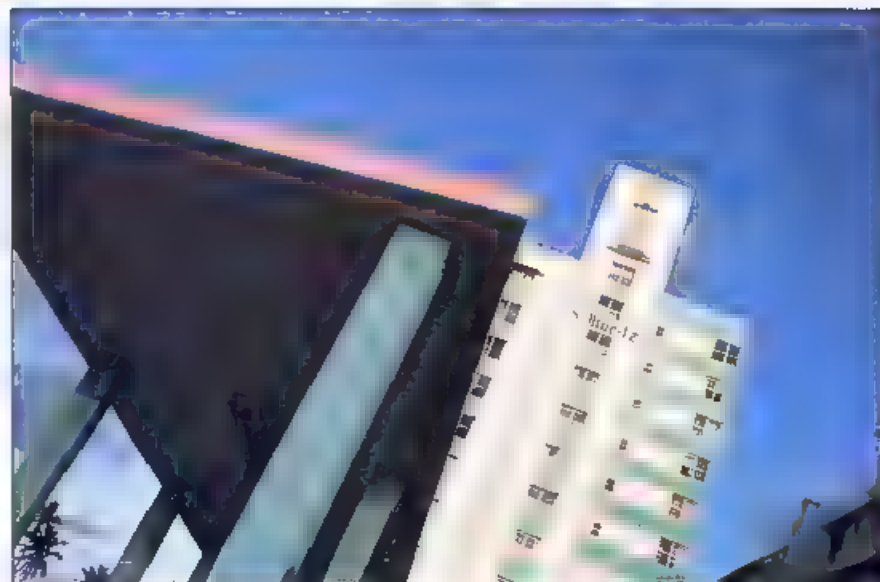
by Richard Kaye

IN THE WORDS of its own mayor, Miami is "a boiling pot, not a melting pot." Once the focus of a tropical myth, Miami is now an international hotspot of crime, right-wing political plotting, and large drug deals. No longer a serious vacation spot, it has lost much of its appeal as a tacky-but-charming winter retreat. It is not even the retiring ground for the elderly it once was, the

place people like myself—who grew up there—dubbed "God's Waiting Room." The Miami of today is newer, faster, more dangerous, more crowded, more bustling.

In the new Miami of shopping-mall shoot-outs and ghetto riots, it is difficult to remember that the lovely tropical myth is not that old. Ninety years ago, Miami was just three shacks on sandy ground, and Mrs. Julia Tuttle sent a bunch of orange blossoms to the East-Coast real-estate developer Henry M. Flagler. He had just opened the now legendary Breaker's Hotel in Palm Beach, and the flowers signaled that Miami had, astonishingly, been spared the frost that had destroyed the citrus crop in the rest of the state. From that point on, "Miami" would summon up a great range of sunlit, breeze-laden images and symbolize windfall real-estate speculation and amorous adventure. The city chosen as the setting of *Scarface* and *Miami Vice* was, not that long ago, a Hollywood ideal of the sexy American vacation. There was Alfred Hitchcock's thriller *Notorious*, in which Ingrid Bergman and Cary Grant spend what are arguably the film's most gripping moments falling in love in Miami.

Even crime, no stranger to Miami, had a classier veneer years ago than



• Worlds Apart: The "tacky but charming" St. Moritz Hotel...



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it does today. Al Capone, convinced that Chicago was too cold and unappreciative, settled in Miami, which he hailed as "the Garden of America," insisting that he would happily join the town Rotary Club if asked.

SOME MIAMIANS today blame Capone's arrival in 1928 for Miami's current image as a city which hosts organized crime on a vast scale. Miami's place as the nation's "number-

one most violent metropolitan area" is deceptive, in that so many of the violent crimes involve drug dealers fighting it out with other drug dealers, with the innocent tourist or native Miamian only the occasional victim. Still, the town's level of illicit traffic is breathtaking. The drugs smuggled in Miami are estimated to be worth from \$7 to \$12 billion a year. Some 40 banks failed to report, as they are required to

/ continued on page 14

Dope wars, right-wing plots and narcobucks make this city a timebomb



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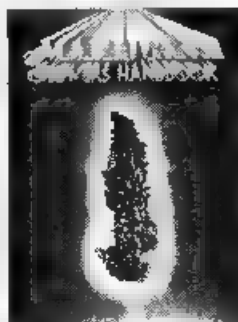


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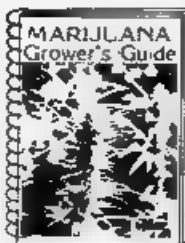
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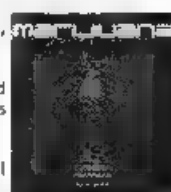
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Scenes

/ continued from page 12
do, cash deposits over \$10,000, fearing that the money would be traced to drug suspects. This was the case with federal investigations such as Operation Greenback, which traced \$2 billion in suspicious funds to 51 indicted suspects. Rumor has it that there are at least four banks in Miami which are actually run by drug rings, leading federal investigators like Joel Garreau to whine to the press, "Out-laws used to rob banks. Now they buy them."

The drug situation in this American Casablanca is just one part of the schizophrenic nature of the place. But the fact is that whatever economic success Miami has now is dependent on massive drug dealing.

In fact, Miami is suffering from a serious economic recession. Miami has no official business other than tourism. But the tourist trade has been off since the Liberty City riots of 1980. One Miami response is *Miami Nice*, a program designed to improve the performance of workers in the tourist trade. Ironically, legalized gambling—which could save the tourist industry, and revive dilapidated and depressed Miami Beach—is opposed on moral grounds and has yet to win approval on a Florida ballot.

THE LAST 10 YEARS also saw an enormous influx of nondrug-related Latin American money in Miami, Colombians on shopping sprees, or shrewd Ecuadoran businessmen buying up luxurious houses in case of an unsavory revolution back home. But most Latin American governments have since imposed strict limits on money leaving their countries. There was a period when the J.C. Penney store actually stocked fur coats for those tourists who were experiencing winter in their home countries south of the equator. But that seems like a relic of another era (each "era" is about 10 years in duration in Miami terms), and the Latin connection has dried up. So a huge portion of the real-estate market is now supported by drug money alone. One assistant district attorney insists that the elegant buildings which can be seen along beautiful Brickell

Avenue downtown are largely drug-financed. "The Avenue is not all built on drug money, but some of the foundations were certainly laid [by it]." Real-estate people often talk out loud of the difficulty determining what is "dirty" money and what is "clean" money in real-estate deals. A typical newspaper story quotes one real-estate agent who admits that eyebrows do get raised when someone says, "I want a house. I don't care what it looks like, as long as it has a dock..."

By now Miami is nearly 50 percent Latin, so the city lacks the distinctive Jewish cast that made it the favorite target of legions of Jewish comedians. In my ten days in Miami, I heard at least three times what was widely considered a shocking story of the decline of Jewish influence in the city: the conversion of Miami Beach's most esteemed Jewish restaurant, The Famous, into a gay discotheque.

The most permanent impression one gets of Miami is of a place absolutely un Integrated—physically, culturally, economically. Even the city's famous physical beauty is hard to glimpse; it seems confined to the wealthiest areas, certain neighborhoods such as Coral Gables, specific blocks, brief stretches of beach that have not been taken over by hotels or condo-

miniums. The shopping mall is a central institution, and shopping the main pastime. On my last trip there was one quite beautiful new addition to the Miami landscape, the city's year-old rapid transportation system, the "Metrorail," a sleek, elevated train which moves through the city and makes—eerily, amazingly—little if any noise. Viewed at dusk, when the sky is a fiery orange, or at night, when there is little else in the way of a skyline to see, the "Metrorail" looks surreally beautiful, as if the gods had released an electric snake into the tropical jungle and allowed it to coolly move about its way.

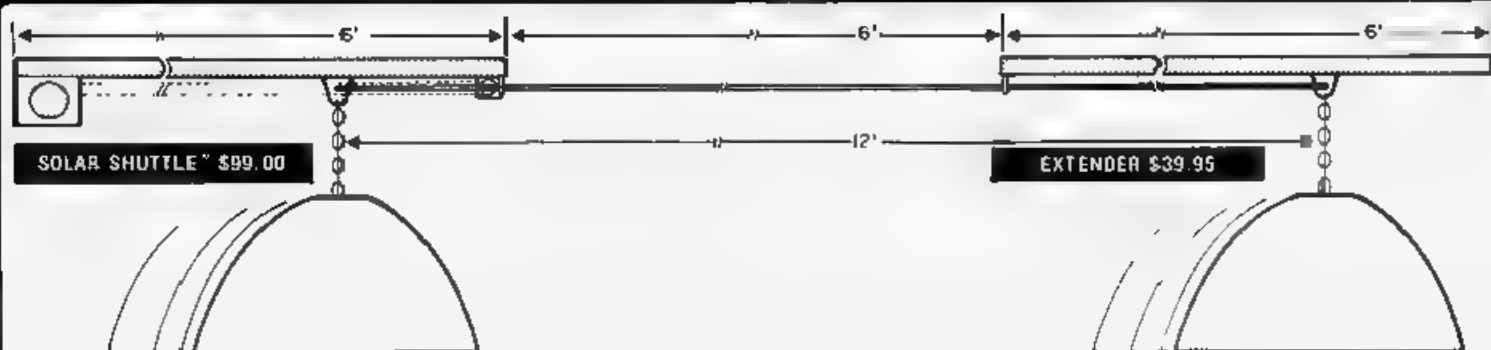
Later I realized that the "Metrorail" is not really the proper symbol for what Miami has become, although it is new, impressive and costly. Nor is the gruesome image from a recent item in *The Miami Herald*, which mentioned that the city morgue rented refrigerated trucks last year to cope with the increased volume of unidentified murder victims.

Instead I found myself fascinated with the fate of one of Miami's newest hotels, The Pavillon, a lavishly beautiful, multi-million dollar edifice in downtown Miami which hugs Biscayne Bay. The hotel was built on the expectation that there would be a huge international trade going through Miami, and that the city, as Ecuador president Jaime Roldos announced at a Miami dinner, would be "the capital of Latin America." But the hotel, which was truly beautiful and not at all reminiscent of the stereotypically vulgar Miami hotel, now stands almost entirely empty and on the verge of foreclosure. I visited The Pavillon, and when our car pulled up to the hotel's front, and eight or ten attendants rushed to help us—there were simply no other cars and no people in sight to attend to, and this during "the tourist season." I wandered through the hotel's vast lobby, with its salmon marble floors and its massive Henry Moore sculpture in the center; there appeared to be no one else in the hotel. It suddenly occurred to me what Miami, with its crime and lost idyllic dream, signified. The city was really what a European had once remarked about America as a whole: a place that had gone from barbarism to decadence without having actually gone through civilization. □

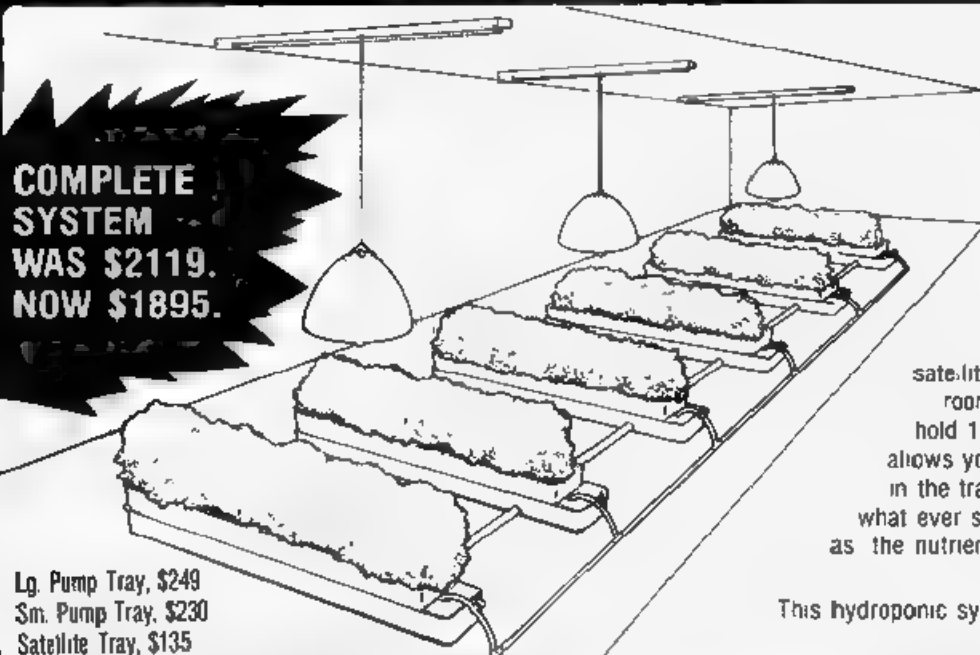
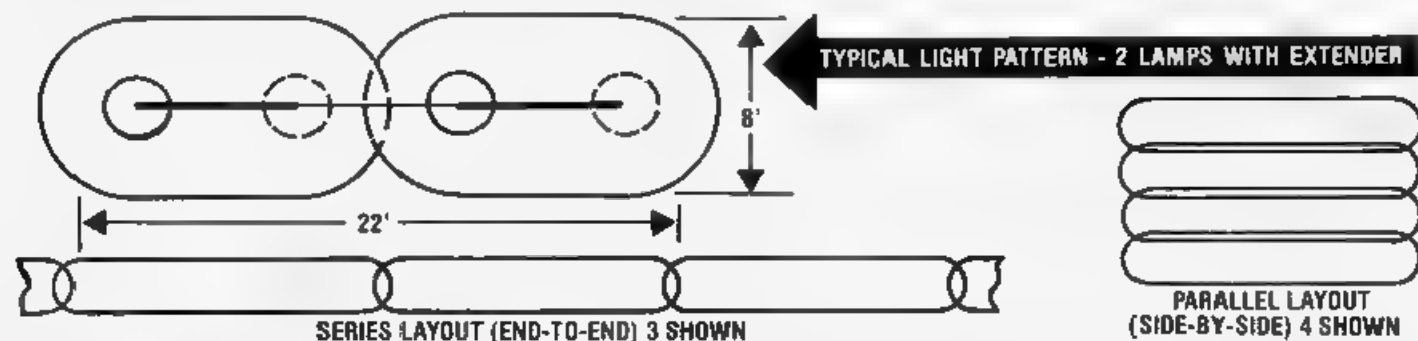
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Ask Cookie Mueller

I HAVE SUGGESTED many herbal and natural cures, but some people don't believe me. I find that they're still going to their doctors for pills. It seems

that many people have no faith in herbal cures. Okay, here's something to ponder: where do pharmaceutical drugs come from? Originally, they were the very herbs that cure now. It's only been

in the past hundred years that these herbs have been synthesized and made to look like pills.

Before 1897, aspirin was made from the oil of wintergreen leaves, since then, chemists have found a way to synthesize the plant. True, herbal cures take longer, but they're safer. And there are some other, rather mysterious ingredients in pills that have adverse side effects, although I guess aspirin is safe enough... safe enough if you're not a hemophiliac: aspirin can make you bleed.

Dear High Advisor,

Whenever I travel to underdeveloped countries or even to some rather "developed" countries, I come down with diarrhea. I know this is really common and not too dangerous unless it's amoebic dysentery. I try to be really careful and only drink bottled water, but I still can't escape it, because tap water is used in the coffee and tea, and to cook vegetables. I've heard that one can use antibiotics to get rid of dysentery. Is this true?

—World Traveler

I've heard this, too, and it's totally unnecessary. I've heard that people are taking antibiotics even before

the onset of the diarrhea, which is really ridiculous. First of all, the widespread use of antibiotics is more damaging to the body than many people are aware. Antibiotics, used over a long period of time, are proven immuno-suppressors, which means they can inhibit the body's natural immunological functioning. Anyway, one doesn't want to build up a tolerance to antibiotics. There is a much safer way. In any vitamin store one can purchase betaine hydrochloride (many people take this for proper digestion also) and



two tablets should be taken after each meal. Hydrochloric acid kills bacteria in the stomach and prevents infection. Also straight lemon or lime juice, taken on an empty stomach, has an antiseptic sterilizing effect. Eating raw garlic is also an excellent cure for *la turista*.

The reason people get diarrhea in other countries is because of bacteria that one isn't used to—that's all. Even if one does nothing for the diarrhea, it goes away by itself in four or five days. Yes, I know it's uncomfortable, I've had it in many foreign countries. But it's just your body telling you that you're acclimating to a different environment. Don't get too upset about it. It's such a definite proof that you're actually in a foreign country. It's part of being a world traveler, it's part of the trip.

Dear High Advisor,

I had a cough this winter that makes smoking without coughing spasms impossible. I vowed to get high anyway, but eating a tablespoonful of marijuana did not do anything. A Child's Garden Of Grass says eating marijuana will not get you high unless you "fry" it. But how can this be? I thought heat was an enemy of THC. The marijuana must lose potency because I've gotten high frying it from the fumes. Also, a dealer I was discussing that book with said, "Bullshit. I was being followed by cops one time in Atlantic City and had to eat all my hashish. I got high as a kite before I passed out underneath the boardwalk."

*—Hazel Beyer
Carlisle, Penn.*

Eating grass doesn't work. Certainly eating hash does and this is the way many people prefer to consume it. Just eating grass doesn't buzz you because the cannabinoids have to be broken out of the plant material to make them "bio-available" through the gastrointestinal tract. And since the cannabinoids are fat-soluble, this means you have to sauté the pot in butter or animal fat. That's why just heating and eating the stuff is no good.

As for the sore throat or cough from too much marijuana smoking, you might consider making a tea



Herbs for health; turning on without toking; pot vs. cigarettes

from it and drinking it down. This does work, but just to be sure, why not drink this tea on an empty stomach?

*Dear High Advisor,
Does smoke from cigarettes hurt us nonsmokers? Is the smoke from a joint as bad for you as cigarette smoke? If you stop smoking, do the effects on your lungs go away or repair themselves?*

—Worried Non-Puffer
Seattle, Wash

Lungs do not know the difference between one brand of smoke or the

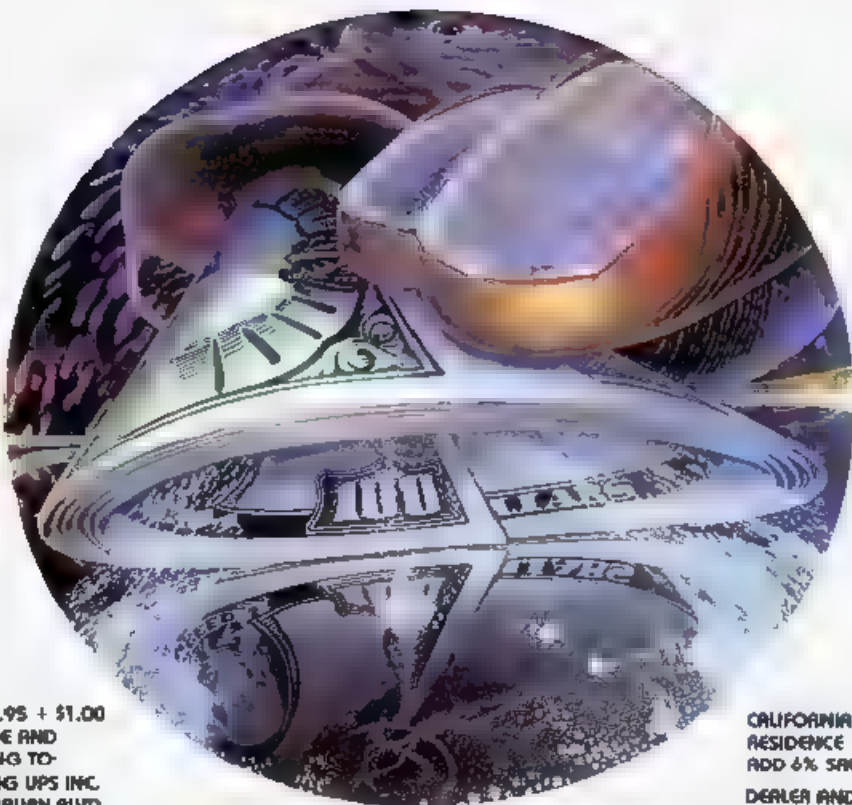


other. All smoke, whether it's from gold tobacco or red marijuana, turns dark brown on the lungs. There is scant reliable research compiled about the comparison of the two. Lungs, like other organs, do have regenerative and recuperative abilities; if you stop smoking, some of the effects should be repaired.

As for the question about whether nonsmokers are affected by smoker's smoke, I'd have to say that I think that as many nonsmokers will die from hypertension caused by intense paranoia about other people's smoke as from the smoke itself. I've seen nonsmokers so adamant about not being in a room with smokers that they get all worked up and start yelling and flipping out, telling the smoker to put the cigarette out. Their faces turn red, the veins in their necks stick out, their heart rate soars, they put themselves in a stressful situation. It ruins their whole day. They just might as well wear gas masks when they go out, or put themselves in plastic bags.

One day in a restaurant I saw a nonsmoker fighting with a smoker who had put out his cigarette and apologized. The nonsmoker wouldn't quit with her insane tirade

/ continued on page 68



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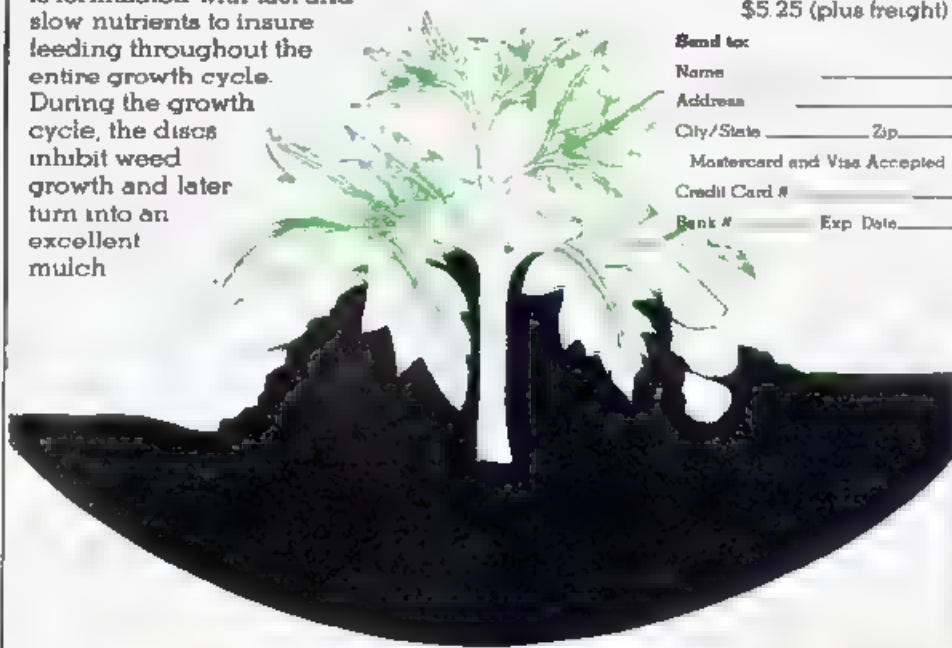
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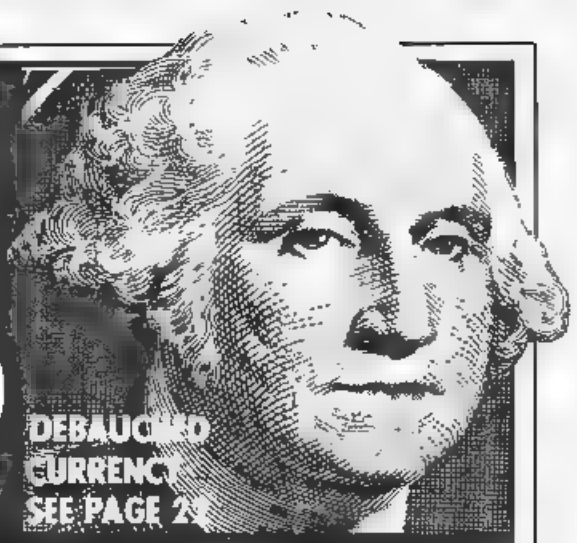
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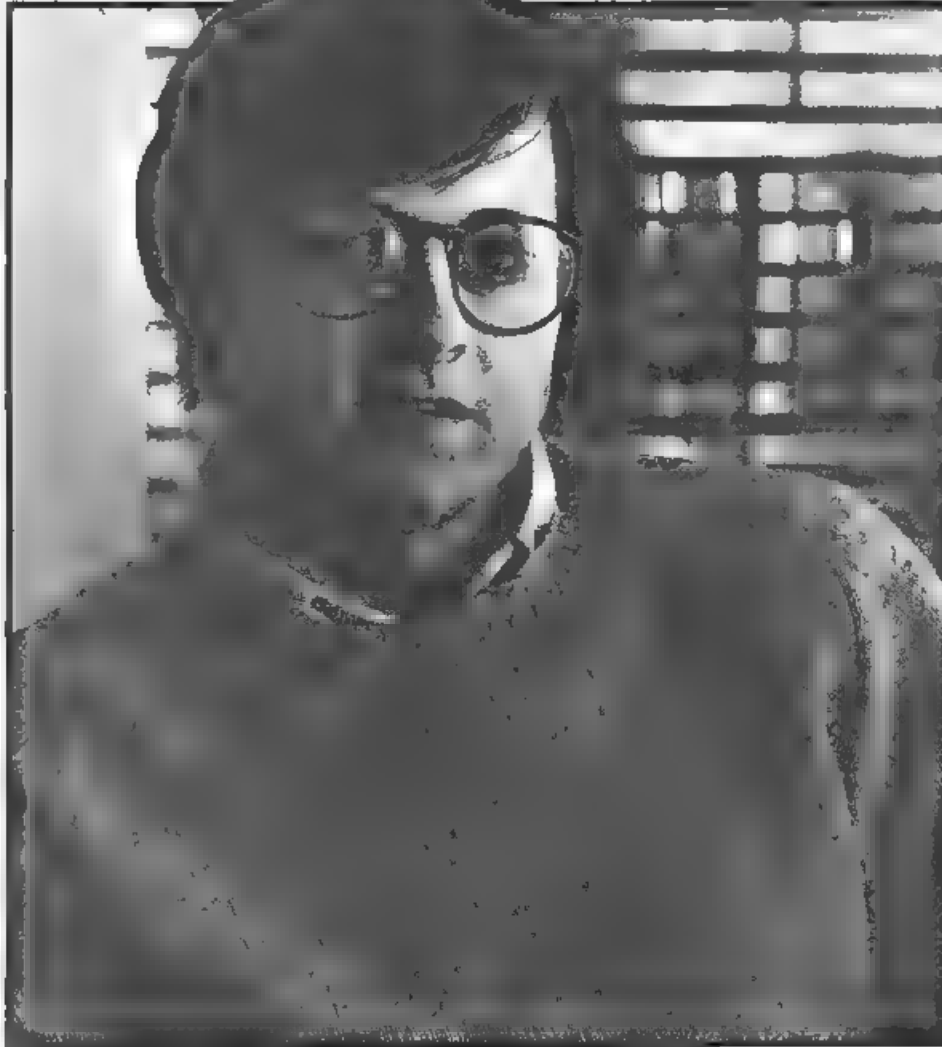
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'QUAT, CAMP & URINALYSIS: NORML TAKES THE OFFENSIVE

by Charles Winston-Levy
WASHINGTON, D. C.



THE NATIONAL ORGANIZATION for the Reform of Marijuana Laws, a nonprofit organization founded here in 1972 to lobby for the relaxation of marijuana statutes nationwide, is in danger of turning a dollar for the first time in many years. Moreover, membership in NORML is abruptly increasing by a factor of 50 percent every six months. No one is sure yet if this signifies some deeply-fermenting change in national opinion about patterns of individual behavior—the first nudge in the eternally-swinging American pendulum of opinion, away from the sanctimonious smugness and righteousness of Reaganites and Yuppies—or if it's just no more than NORML rightfully deserves, after two years of unexpectedly successful

• Kevin Zeese, NORML's national legal coordinator.

• Trans-High Market Analysis and Quotes: p. 28

free-the-weed lobbying in courts and public forums from coast to coast.

NORML National Director Kevin Zeese, of course, inclines to believe it's no more than he rightfully deserves. "It is difficult to activate the over 30 million marijuana consumers in the United States," Zeese continually points out. It may not be very hard, on a local level, to get the local longhairs and liberals interested in lobbying for pot reform, at least temporarily, from time to time; but by far *most* of the people who smoke marijuana in the United States are resolutely ordinary, wage-earning, family-raising folks who simply have no rational interest in publicly and volubly lobbying for pot. As long as the stuff's available at reasonable prices—and it always is—there's no legitimate reason to expect or ask these people to become political. Recognizing that, Kevin Zeese has been resolutely apolitical himself over the three years he's run NORML, declining to involve himself in the sort of flashy media stunts and overnight mini-scandals perpetrated by the charismatic founders of the outfit (who are now in private, and profitable, criminal-defense legal practice).

Charismatic media manipulation would not likely come naturally to Kevin Zeese, who perpetually appears to have just moments ago been admitted to an Ivy League law school: "A chipmunk," more than one person has called him behind his back. Kevin's working style is to come early to the office, immerse himself in legal briefs, handle the phone and typewriter, and express his radiant gratitude to the volunteers who help with the xeroxing and filing. When he took over NORML in August of 1983, he was saddled with a debt of over \$100,000 by his charismatic predecessors; his first object has

been to get rid of that debt, and by golly, he got it down to barely \$15,000 by last spring. In the meantime, somehow, the NORML membership has been proliferating markedly even *without* a whole lot of flamboyant media magic at the top, and also, Zeese has been able to report a thoroughly remarkable series of lobbying successes, both in and out of court.

The Schoolkid Piss Test

"U-CARE," IT WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE been called: a "kit" sold in drug-stores everywhere, which would enable worried parents to test their endangered children's urine for traces of drugs. The kit was nothing more than a mailable collection vial, which was to be sent, filled with de-an-quent urine, to a commercial private lab company in Arlington, Virginia. At Reuter Laboratories there, the specimens would simply be run through a rudimentary EMIT Cannabinoid Assay: a standard "quick and dirty" immunoassay test so unreliable that it's been deemed inadmissible as evidence against jail convicts and parolees in the corrections systems of several states. Yet Tom Reuter, of Reuter Labs, spent most of 1984 shilling his "kit" to the worried parents of America—and also to any employer, any school system, any "Fortune 500 corporation," and any professional sports team who might want to risk their corporate liability insurance on the EMIT Cannabinoid Assay. And Mary Reuter, Tom's wife, was telling the news media that she had a communication from Nancy Reagan herself, applauding the Reuters' selfless exertions on behalf of the children, and urging them to link up with the First Lady's personal "Chemical People" antidrug lobby.

In fact, U-Care would have gone on drug-store shelves forever in November of 1983, right after the Chemical People's two-week-long, taxpayer-funded extravaganza on the Public Broadcasting System—if NORML had not acted. The minute Kevin Zeese heard about it, he cooked up a formal petition to the Food and Drug Administration's "devices" section, politely but forcefully inviting the FDA to do its mandated job, and look into the reliability of this fishy gimmick. When the FDA did so, they discovered that the boxes for the U-Care kit, already printed up prettily for drugstore display, carried the legend: "Approved by the FDA." The FDA was not amused, and U-Care never went on the market.

The Reuters manfully threw a few more publicity binges for their gimmick, inviting the press to lengthy briefings where "experts" lamented the phenomenon of "youth drug abuse," to be sure. They never did formally link their outfit with any of the First Lady's famous antidrug outfits—famous, that is, for grabbing every penny they can smell—and last autumn, Tom Reuter rather ruefully hunted to *The Wall Street Journal*

that schoolkid piss testing might not be the securest long-term investment. U-Care, he promised, would never be merchandised. It seemed that nobody in the whole world, with the exception of this private lab company, really wanted to test American public opinion about kids, drugs and civil rights, by putting a thing like this on the national market.

But if it had not been for NORML, that kit would be on store shelves today, causing immense headaches for people on both sides of this political issue. If Zeese had been half as Machiavellian as any of his NORML predecessors, he might have just let this one slip past, to "heighten the contradictions," as Mao Tse-Tung used to call it. But Zeese did only what a good lobby lawyer would do: he petitioned the government, and averted endless trouble for everyone.

The Politics of Paraquat

IRONICALLY, ON THE VERY SAME WEEK IN August of 1983 that Zeese took over NORML, the Drug Enforcement Administration dropped a load of paraquat on a country road in North Georgia, because their private-company helicopter malfunctioned on the way to poison a patch of pot. When they finally did get that tiny pot patch paraquatted that day, they made headlines coast to coast and started a process which has been a gold mine of terrific publicity, public support, and plain personal satisfaction for all the lawyers in NORML.

The paraquat had not dried on those 52 North Georgia pot seedlings that week in August 1983 before NORML was in federal district court in Washington with a petition for an injunction. It took about a week for several local and national environmentalist outfits, including the Sierra Club, to involve themselves in the action, during which time the DEA managed to poison another patch of wild, uncultivated rope-hemp growing deep in the trackless Daniel Boone National Forest in Kentucky. Within days after that, however, federal judge June Green firmly enjoined the feds from undertaking any further such action. And ultimately she told the feds that yes, they had broken the law when they sprayed that poison with no warning, and no, they would not be able to spray any more poison, on marijuana or anything else, until they did what the law ordains: publish a proper Environmental Impact Statement, describing the proposed project, and estimating the potential impact it might have on the environment, on wildlife, and on human beings.

This is not a little undertaking. Already it's cost the taxpayer at least \$1 million, with absolutely nothing to show for it but a lot of terrific publicity for NORML. Even if the DEA goes ahead and sprays on schedule this summer, they will already have shot themselves in the foot with this project; and it was NORML, to a large degree, which

**The DEA's
paraquat
was still
damp in
Georgia when
NORML
went into
federal court
for the
injunction.**

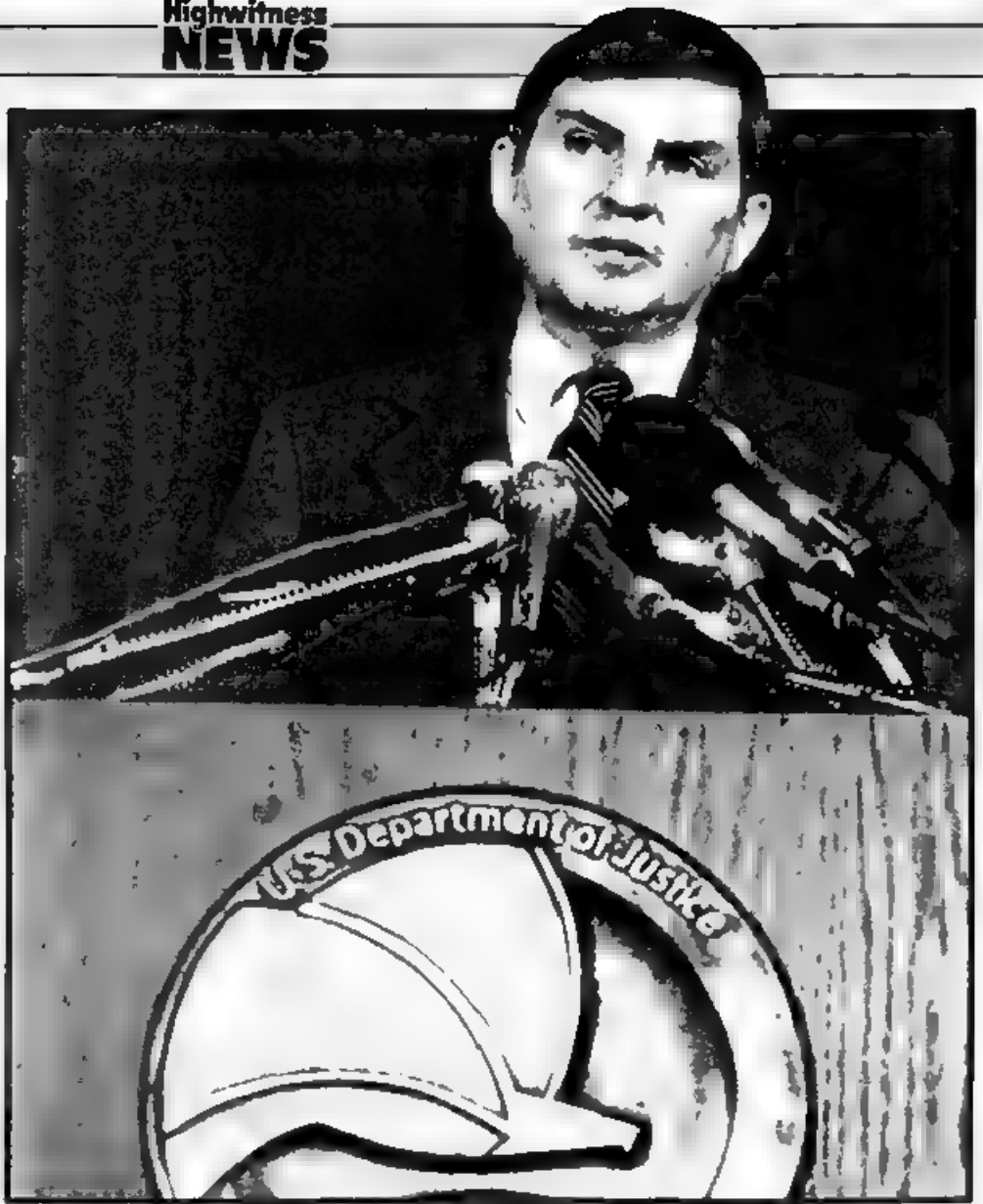
helped deflect their aim.

First off, to abide by the law, the DEA had to hold ten public meetings, called "scoping sessions," in different places around the country, to test public opinion on the issue. NORML, with barely 4,000 members nationwide at the time, was able to muster local people to attend each one of these sessions, and speak out very eloquently (and quite courageously, for some ultra-respectable local clergy and such) against these herbicide proposals. The environmentalists of the country showed up at these meetings too, mustered by their local and national lobbies, and expressed their opinions volubly. But at *none* of these sessions did any local community group or private individual step forward and identify themselves as in favor of this notion of poisoning pot to frighten people away from smoking it.

Of course state and local police officials attended these herbicide scoping sessions, and of course each cop applauded the DEA's zeal and commitment in proposing this scheme, but in every single case, these officers also declined the invitation to accept industrial poisons and helicopters from the federal government, and indicated that the law-enforcement funds in question could be more appropriately disbursed.

Finally, at the very last scoping session, in Washington, DC last November, the *anti*-pot lobby made its belated appearance. Mrs. Joyce Nalepka, mouthpiece for the National Federation of Parents for Drug-Free Youth, which claims to be a coalition of several thousand local "parents groups" (who were all conspicuous by their absence from the nine other regional scoping sessions). No one but the DEA recorded Mrs. Nalepka's statement, and no one who was on hand remembers whether she really *did* come out very forcefully in favor of the idea of poisoning marijuana, for the good of the sake of the endangered children of the worried parents of America. But this spunky little woman, exhibiting genuine courage, stood up at that meeting and firmly identified NORML as a front group for international narcotics profiteers, organized criminals, and *HIGH TIMES* magazine; she said that she not only had the personal courage to expose this, but the "documents" to prove it. In a subsequent interview with a *HIGH TIMES* reporter, Mrs. Nalepka conceded that her "document" proving NORML is really run by *HIGH TIMES* derives from a publicity flyer published in 1977, in which the erstwhile publisher of *HIGH TIMES* solemnly promised to donate 50 percent of all future revenues to NORML. Mrs. Nalepka conceded that, so far as she has ever heard over the intervening six years, this preposterous thing may never, ever have really happened. "Have you been smoking something lately?" she asked repeatedly.

She also confirmed that the "documents" proving NORML is in thrall to dope movers



● Fresh fish on the block: new DEA jefe John Lawn.

comprise a couple of 1977 letters from a pair of lardbucket former New Right congressmen—Rep. Billy Lee Evans and Rep. Clay Shaw—who made these unfounded accusations by way of blacklisting Harvard psychiatrist Dr. Norman Zinberg, who sits on NORML's medical-advisory board, from his advisory status at the National Institute on Drug Abuse.

With political "enemies" like that, slinging pathetic, years-disproven lies and rumors at you, it can actually become sort of *rewarding* to run a marijuana lobby.

The CAMP Antics

NORML'S MOST STAGGERING COURTROOM triumph to date, however, occurred courtesy of the Campaign Against Marijuana Planting (CAMP), a federal-state-local "marijuana eradication" effort that has filled the hills of Northern California, for two years running, with dive-bombing helicopters and paramilitary narcs wearing flack jackets and jackboots and bearing semiautomatic weapons. After these CAMP narcs had ter-

rorized whole families of local, nonmarijuana type folks throughout the fall of 1983, NORML attorneys Ron Sinoway and Mel Pearlston of Miranda, in Humboldt County, began collecting affidavits from the local folks. They went into Federal District Court asking for an injunction against further such paramilitary activities, and there Federal Judge Robert Aguilar turned them down. At the time this happened, in early 1984, certain disgruntled lawyers suggested to *HIGH TIMES* that perhaps the fix was in on this case, because Judge Aguilar had a previous reputation for punishing convicted drug defendants with truly harsh and bitter prison sentences. "He's certainly not a pro-defendant judge," someone said.

A year later, however, Aguilar showed that he was certainly not *pro-fed* either, when he not only enjoined the CAMP program but dumped some of the most withering condemnation on the narcs involved—both the California narcs and the Drug Enforcement Administration—that anyone can

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GOT A DOLLAR? THEN YOU GOT COCAINE TOO

MIAMI, FLORIDA



A CHILL WENT DOWN THE SPINES OF MANY crooked bank employees, real estate agents, and assorted other clandestine drug-money launderers around South Florida last spring, to learn that most of the high-denomination currency around Dade County is contaminated with cocaine particles. The chilling news, which emerged during the federal trial here of a prominent young Colombian emigrant on money-laundering charges, creates the possibility that federal authorities, at any time, could start seizing big batches of currency from suspected South Florida moneywashers, and routinely enter the cocaine traces on the bills as evidence that the launderers knew they were handling narcotics profits. Their sentences for moneywashing, then, could conceivably be greatly enhanced and extended by collateral drug-conspiracy charges.

The main defendant in the case, Mariano Ospina, a 31-year-old scion of Colombia's politically prominent Ospina family, was convicted of conspiring to evade federal banking regulations which provide that any bank deposit larger than \$10,000 must be recorded on special federal bookkeeping forms. In the course of arresting Ospina, Customs officials managed to get their hands on \$1 million in currency belonging to him, and had it sniffed by drug-detection dogs. When the dogs "alerted" all over the money, their response was entered by the prosecution as proof that cocaine particles had existed in the money; and though there were no drug charges against Ospina, federal agents testifying in court at the trial suggested to the jury that Ospina's partners had run the money through a currency-counting machine that may have been somehow contaminated with as much as an ounce of pure cocaine.

"It wound up embarrassing them a little," recalls Miami attorney Jack Denaro, who handled Ospina's defense with his brother Greg Denaro. "The agent had made a pretty big deal in direct examination about all this cocaine which was supposedly on the money which had been sealed in plastic evidence envelopes right after the dogs had sniffed it and alerted on it. So, on cross-examination, I had him repeat his testimony about the bills possibly being coated with cocaine, fresh from the machine. Then I held up one of the evidence packets right in front of him, and broke the seal, and took out the bills, and slapped them hard against the railing of the witness box. And I asked him if he saw

any cocaine powder emanating from that currency, and of course he couldn't. So I wound up undermining the prosecution's credibility on that count."

To further check out the credibility of the feds' case, Denaro hired the head of Toxicology Testing Service in West Dade, Dr. William Lee Hearn, to run a systematic spot-check on large denomination bills from banks all around Dade County. Dr. Hearn collected ample supplies of twenties, fifties and hundred-dollar-bills from six well-established banks in north, south, east and west Dade County, and proceeded to analyze them painstakingly.

First, the Toxicology Testing analysis equipment was thoroughly washed with alcohol, and the rinse solution was checked for the presence of any possible cocaine contamination. When the gear proved to be perfectly clean, Hearn washed a stack of 50 hundred-dollar bills, and 50 fifties, in alcohol, and tested the rinse solution. He later told the *Miami News* that the testing equipment—a gas-chromatography unit with a mass-spectrometry readout—went completely off scale at first, because he'd geared it down to look for just billionths of a gram of cocaine in the solution. When he readjusted the GC/MS to look for a million times more cocaine, he found between 10 micrograms and one milligram of cocaine in each batch of currency. The same held true of seven separate batches of twenty-dollar bills, 75 twenties to a batch; each batch contained 10 micrograms and one milligram of coke.

"Dade County literally runs on drug money," *News* reporter Karen Payne concluded in a rather startled article on these findings.

Although Ospina was ultimately convicted on the money-laundering charges—there was considerable other evidence, attorneys say, that he'd tried evading federal paperwork forms—Jack Denaro's scientific investigation of the local currency showed conclusively that there are detectable amounts of cocaine in virtually any sizeable amount of bills. Under the terms of the new federal drug laws—which specifically prohibit "any detectable amount" of cocaine—it is not inconceivable, many people believe, that the police could begin seizing money more or less at random, from anyone they might wish to prosecute for any reason at all. "If you push the conclusions of this study to the farthest point," Dr. Hearn told the *News*, "the police could go to any bank in Dade County and confiscate all their currency."

The fingering of Dade County as a specific source of coke-contaminated money may be unfair, however. As reported in the August 1984 edition of *Highwitness News* ("U.S. Money Supply Gilded With Coke"), very similar findings were made a year earlier, in a 1983 federal money laundering prosecution in Atlanta.

Two Mexican nationals were arrested for trying to evade federal paperwork while making large bank deposits, and the sole evidence against them was a stack of several hundred thousand dollars in currency, which the

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FOURTH OF JULY SMOKE-IN WILL TURN ON THE WHITE HOUSE

by Jane Hathaway

WASHINGTON, D.C.

THE JULY FOURTH COALITION has announced plans for a smoke-in on Independence Day in Lafayette Park, directly across the street from the Presidential Bunker in the White House, Washington, D.C. Festivities are to begin at 12 noon with entertainment and speeches. Thousands of patriotic pot lovers are expected to protest the absurd marijuana laws by lighting up.

The annual event plans to return to Lafayette Park after being shut out of that prime location for the last two years. For the last two years, a parents-against-drugs ad hoc organization has sponsored "Family Day" in the park, a gathering of fewer than a hundred people (on their application to the Parks Commission, they claimed an expected crowd of 5,000) which included a cardboard cut-out display of a Boy Scout troop. Thousands of protesting pot smokers were then barred from the park because the Parks Department allegedly ruled that two conflicting groups couldn't use the same facility.

The "parents group" apparently obtained their permit

under the Department's first-come, first-served policy by filing early on the morning of July 5 in both 1982 and 1983 for the rights to the following Fourth of July. Last year, the July Fourth Coalition found several volunteers who agreed to camp out all night on the Fourth in front of the Parks offices so as to be first in line for filing the 1985 permit application. When members of the "parents group" showed up, they found Coalition members claiming squatters' rights to the permit under the department's own policy. At press-time, the permit had not actually been awarded, but the July Fourth Coalition said they would take the issue to court in the unlikely event that it was not given to the group in time to confirm the rally.

As of this writing, the White House had "no comment" when asked if the First Family would be around on Independence Day to catch a few whiffs of protest pot, or if, as suspected, Ronzo and Company will flee to the clear air of their Berchtesgaden in the West, the California Ranch.

For information about the march and rally, call the Fourth of July Coalition at (212) 533-5027, or 533-5028. HT

"If you are a parent who cokes up, your kids get confused. When young people see their parents—doctors and lawyers and professionals—sitting around on weekends and telling jokes about having coked up, what can you expect of these young people? How can you expect anybody to live up to the law when the so-called best in your society are obviously violating all kinds of laws and joking about it?"
—Mario Cuomo, Governor, New York



Wide World



Wide World

JAIL TO THE CHIEF

A fearless South Florida federal drug agent—clearly unfazed by DEA-generated rumors of "Colombian hit squads" prowling Florida to rub out unwary DEA agents—leads Caribbean politico Norman Saunders off to jail in Miami. Saunders at the time was Chief Minister of the Independent Turks and Caicos Islands, a balmy 8,000-population archipelago just north of Haiti, which has been a haven for dope-money investors since the early 1970s. The DEA managed to lure Saunders up to Miami, videotape him taking \$20,000 in "bribe" money from an undercover sting artist, and jail him there. The Turks and Caicos Islands government has respectfully asked their top executive to resign for as long as he's on dope-money charges, and Saunders has complied.

U.N. NARCO FORCES TO POLICE WORLD'S DOPERS

by Charles
Winston-Levy

NEW YORK CITY

MOST DRUG-RELATED offenses will shortly be classed as "crimes against humanity" under the terms of a new United Nations treaty which the United States will undoubtedly sign before the year is out. The new treaty, called "The Convention Against Trafficking In Narcotic and Psychotropic Substances and Related Activities," gives the UN the permanent power to determine the relative "illegality" of all natural and synthetic drugs which may affect the mind, and abolishes all statutes of limitations for the crime of

trafficking in any of these drugs. A person moving pot from the Bahamas to Florida in 1986, that is, could still be prosecuted for it in 2006, or 2026, under the terms of this proposed new UN treaty.

Like the UN's Single Convention Treaty on Narcotic Drugs of 1961, which permanently ranks marijuana to be as dangerous and illegal as heroin, this new UN narcotics treaty is being pressed for with a vast amount of purple-passioned oratory by statesmen who charge the "international drug trade" with being as horrendously lethal as nuclear war, Soviet Communism, American Capitalism and Zionism all rolled up into a single evil ball, and their speeches are incessantly punctuated, predictably, with heart-

rending references to "helpless children" and "the youth of the world." They also regularly insinuate that any nation which would hold out against ratifying this treaty must surely be making billions of secret "narcodollars" from dope traffickers, therefore, the new treaty is virtually certain to become international law before the year is out, carried on a tide of all-out Drug McCarthyism. Any delegate who might decline to sign it would implicate his or her entire government in the abominated dope trade.

The new treaty also carries provisions which could enable the UN to create special paramilitary bodies, something like their previous international "peacekeeping" forces, that could be sent into drug-producing countries like Peru or Bolivia or Burma to combat dope production. Since this would infinitely expand the UN's currently-nonexistent global muscle—and since the treaty provides for a handsome new influx of money to the UN from all members who will sign it—no one has been more impassioned in promoting it than Secretary-General Perez de Cuellar himself.

"We must be particularly aware of the vulnerability of young people and of the tragedy involved where countless young lives are blighted and lost," de Cuellar perorated before the UN's Commission on Narcotic Drugs late last year. "The scourge of drug abuse goes hand in hand with the growing trafficking of illegal drugs, the magnitude and implications of which are mind-boggling." Terming the international dope trade "a wicked and widespread international conspiracy" operated by certain unidentified but "well organized international criminals," de Cuellar congratulated the UN's narco body for coming up with the notion of this grand new treaty. "What better way for the UN system to show it is truly relevant to the real

problems affecting the world today?" he asked (The UN's "peacekeeping" role being a permanent thing of the past, after the Lebanon debacle.) International narcotics-law enforcement, de Cuellar rhapsodized, is "precisely the type of problem, representing a dangerous threat to modern societies, which the UN system is uniquely equipped to deal with."

The wording of the new treaty's draft proposal is no less flamboyant. Dope moving is "a grave crime against humanity under international law," rendering its perpetrators as comprehensively criminal as mass murderers like Adolf Hitler and Idi Amin (who is currently at large in Saudi Arabia, a UN member nation). The dope trade is an overwhelming historical evil which "affects not only the physical and moral health of mankind, but also the identity and cohesiveness of peoples." It is "a factor of dependency and corruption that injures spiritual, cultural, social and economic values." Dope traffickers methodically "corrupt the political and administrative structures of producer and consumer societies and attack the security and defense of peoples, weakening their capacities for armed conflict [sic]." They are "a threat to the present and future existence of mankind, and they particularly affect young people, who are essential to the development of their countries." Lest anyone missed that appeal to the children, again: "Illicit consumption of narcotic and psychotropic substances causes very serious damage, often with irreversible effects, on young people, the most noble of all the known resources of the peoples of the world."

Having so spectacularly failed to keep millions of children, and older people too, from starving to death all across Africa since 1980, and considering how Lebanon turned into a perpetual charnel-house over that time, the bureaucrats of the United Nations are very understandably going after "drugs" as their last, best hope to regain any administrative power at all, anywhere in the world. The

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Photo by Michael Kline

● "Blighted and lost": Arab kid stamps Leb slabs.

MIAMI, FLORIDA

THE QUALITY OF STREET COCAINE has developed a peculiar quasi-seasonal pattern over the last couple years, according to the Up Front, Inc. street-drug monitoring service here. From December to February 1983-1984, and over the same winter period of 1984-1985, samples of street cocaine tested by Up Front's contracted laboratory showed extraordinarily high proportions of two particular coca-leaf by products, ecognine and cinnamoylcocaine.

"Ecognine is not psychoactive at all," explains Up Front's coordinator, Jim Hall. "Cinnamoylcocaine you have to wonder about a little, though. Although it's not nearly as psychoactive as cocaine, cinnamoylcocaine exerts much the same side-effects as cocaine: elevated blood pressure, heart rate, similar general overdose potential. So when a consumer buys a quantity of this particular sort of cocaine—high in ecognine and cinnamoylcocaine content—he or she is liable to take a good deal *more* of it, just to gain the accustomed high, than of ordinary cocaine. And maybe that person is at a significantly greater risk of overdosing, because of the relatively more narrow 'therapeutic window' between the drug's high-making effects and its physically toxic effects."

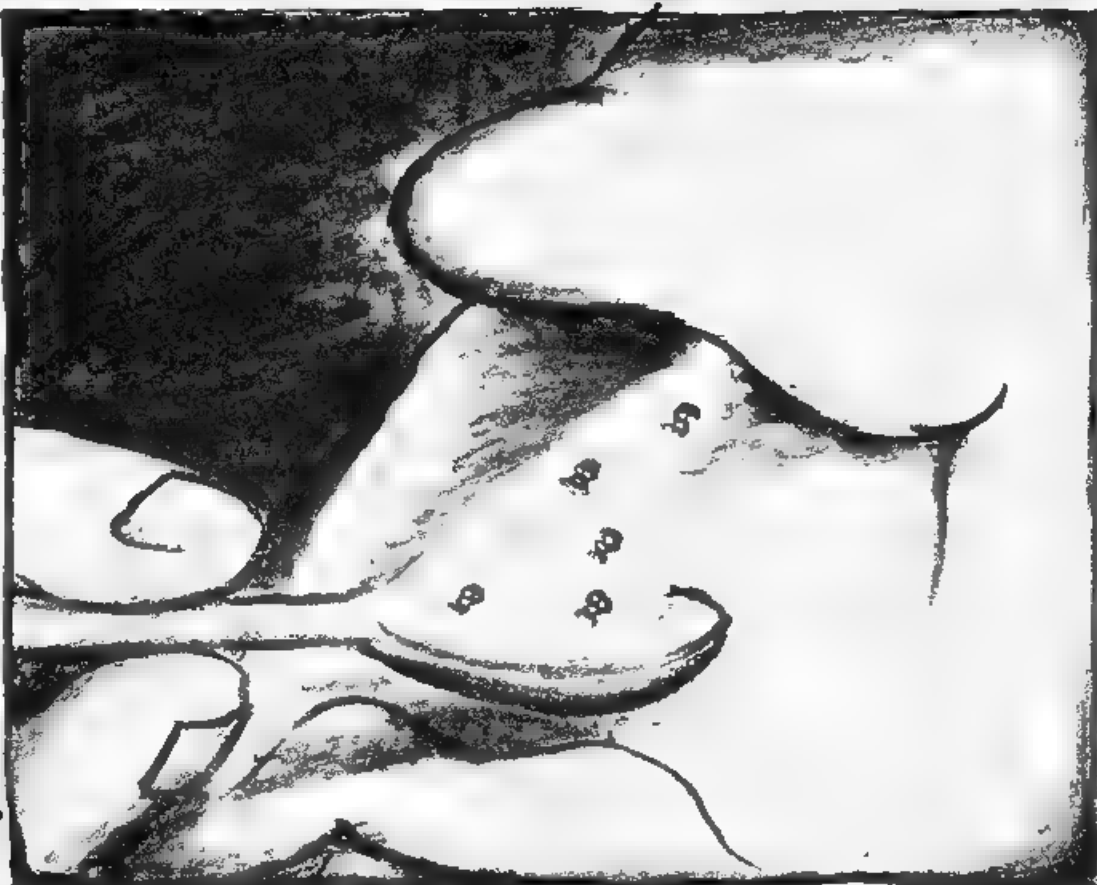
Ecognine and cinnamoylcocaine are among the 21 alkaloids which occur in coca leaf besides cocaine itself. Their appearance in samples of street cocaine is generally attributed by experts to faulty refining techniques in the South American cocaine-finishing laboratories. Some experts suspect, however, that if these fluctuations in cocaine content can be shown to have a seasonal annual pattern, then it may prove that coca plants grown at different times of year bear leaves with widely varying alkaloid content.

This possibility is not of strictly academic, botanical interest. Except for cocaine itself, none of the associated coca-leaf alkaloids has ever been rigorously investigated by scientists for their psychoactive or physical

effects. Therefore, different samples of street cocaine may be more or less dangerous to users (they are not really likely to be more *agreeable*, at least) depending on their varying ratio of coca-leaf alkaloid content.

It's even possible that these unstudied coca alkaloids could be the hypothetical culprits in the newly-touted "cocaine death syndrome." As presented by Dade County coroner Dr. Charles Wetli (see Highwitness News, January 1985), some people in the Miami area have been seen to exhibit bizarre, PCP-like psychotic reactions after doing just moderate amounts of street cocaine, and then to simply stop breathing and die. Since many pathologists find it hard to reconcile this mysterious syndrome with the known effects of cocaine in isolation, it's possible that this syndrome (if it really exists at all) is caused by a combination of different coca alkaloids along with cocaine. HT

S. AMERICAN COCA CHEFS PUT OUT IMPURE COCAINE



Santiago Cohen

QUALITY CHECKING

The Up Front anonymous-testing service provides an invaluable guide to national trends in the prevalence and quality of street drugs. People curious about the real content or quality of their local street drugs (including cocaine, PCP, pot, heroin or whatever) can do themselves, and everyone else, a favor by sending samples off to Up Front for testing.

To ensure anonymity, do *not* put your name in or on the envelope containing your drug submission. Simply take a very small sample of the drug you want tested—a joint's worth of grass, a quarter of a tablet, a couple of lines' worth of white powder, whatever—and wrap it securely in tinfoil or paper. Put this in the envelope along with a typewritten note indicating what the drug was sold as, what you believe it to be, and what adulterants you think may be in it. (Don't ask how *much* it's adulterated, because Up Front is prohibited from giving out "qualitative" information like that.) Finally, add a random, five-digit number for identification. Wrap it in an envelope, put this in another envelope, seal it, and send it, along with \$25 cash (no check or money order) to: SP Lab, 5426 NW 79th Avenue, Miami, FL 33166. Call Up Front after a week has gone by, at 305-757-2566, read the five-digit code number, and ask for the results, and you'll get them over the phone.

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Highwitness NEWS

Dope Treaty

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motives of United States bureaucrats in pushing for this new, improved UN narco treaty are murkier

Jon Thomas, American undersecretary of state for International Narcotics Matters, linked the dope trade to terrorism in his own address to the UN narco body "The world has good reason to suspect that narcotics smugglers are being aided by certain governments," he declared darkly, "that they are getting protection and are being provided with safe haven and support in shipping drugs." Knowledgeable parties confirm that this was an obvious reference to Syria, which has controlled and expedited the unprecedented output of heroin and hashish from Lebanon's Bekaa Valley since the Israeli invasion of 1983. "Money from drug smuggling supports terrorists," Thomas repeatedly reminded the UN's narco delegates (without bothering to remind them of all the times the CIA, the KGB, Mossad, the French SDECE, Britain's MI-6, the Nicaraguan contras and Sandinistas, and plenty of other more-or-less "legitimate" national security agencies, have been caught moving dope to raise secret money for their various cloak-and-dagger enterprises) He called it all "part of a trend toward international lawlessness

that has been increasing ominously over the last two decades."

A brand-new UN treaty on dope would be just the ticket for clearing all this unpleasantness up once and for all, Thomas indicated "The grower-to-user chain which stretches across five continents must be broken through a comprehensive program of international control." Considering that the United States will be obliged, if we sign this treaty as currently worded, to commit massive funds for its implementation, and to actually pool our most intimate narcotics-trade intelligence files with other countries (like Russia and Libya and even Syria, after they sign it), Undersecretary Thomas did breathe one line of diplomatic demurral in his UN address: "We have some differences with sponsors on some language in drafts," he temporized briefly, promising to negotiate it all "in a manner conducive to agreement"

So, by this time next year, everyone agrees, the United Nations will be endowed with a feisty, new, well-funded international narcotics treaty And if its new narco troops turn out to be no better at drugbusting than they ever were at peacekeeping? "We owe it to the innocent victims involved," Secretary-General de Cuellar pledges a little opaquely, "never to despair of bringing it under control." HT

NORML

/ continued from page 21

remember from any Federal bench. After reading no fewer than 60 new declarations from people who had witnessed and suffered CAMP's 1984 atrocities, Aguilar enjoined CAMP forever from any further such activities. Then he went further and declared that the plaintiffs could sue the individual police officers involved in CAMP, plus their hired civilian helicopter pilots, for personal damages

Such civil litigation against individual narcs, wrote Aguilar in his decision, "is particularly appropriate when government policy exposes the public to risk, and agents of the state pursue this policy in violation of federal law"

The CAMP helicopter antics were deemed particularly reprehensible by the judge: either "these technically proficient pilots were acting pursuant to instructions or the tacit consent of CAMP," he concluded, "or they were habitually engaging in some sport of their own." The overall purpose of the CAMP paramilitary program, clearly, was to make marijuana growers unpopular in the local community, by terrorizing every law-abiding person in the vicinity: "Official CAMP policy virtually ensures that once CAMP enters an area, some residents who have nothing to do with the cultivation around

them, and who give CAMP personnel no articulable ground for suspicion of criminal activity, will experience warrantless searches and seizures," including closeup helicopter surveillance.

This is not the way the laws are enforced in America, ruled Aguilar, and it should never happen again "For so long as the CAMP program continues this year or in future years, these same residents are likely to suffer the same or similar injuries again" Therefore Aguilar enjoined it from happening again next fall (unless the feds break the law again, of course), and strongly suggested that the NORML plaintiffs should vigorously pursue their individual lawsuits, to keep these rogue narcs and their civilian hirelings from doing this to other people in the future

"You don't get much reinforcement and reward running a marijuana lobby," Kevin Zeese in Washington reflected, after the California NORML attorneys had gotten this decision out of Judge Aguilar. "But every once in a while you get a boost like this, and that makes everything worth it. It reminds you of why you're out there kicking those bastards in the butt, day after day, year in and year out." HT

Editor's note: The 1983 CAMP antics were covered in "The Denny Rad" in Highwitness News, January 1984. The 1984 CAMP antics comprise a feature article in this issue of HIGH TIMES (see page 57)

Coke Money

/ continued from page 22

prosecution suggested may have become tainted with cocaine when the Mexicans handled them. Atlanta lawyer Jack Martin hired an expert forensic chemist, Dr. James Woodford, to procure a bale of used shredded money from the local federal reserve facility, and test it out for the presence of cocaine. Using two-dimensional nuclear magnetic resonance, Dr. Woodford found very substantial concentrations of cocaine in it; and since the money was years old, from all over the country, it indicated that the entire American money supply may be contaminated with cocaine.

"There's an oil that collects on paper money as it's handled," explains Woodford. "It's my suspicion that the methyl group on the cocaine molecule, being acidic, may hydrolyze and bind to this oil; dissolve into it, sort of, and just stay there for as long as the bill stays in use."

As to how the cocaine would get on the currency in the first place, of course cocaine users quite commonly use rolled-up currency bills to convey coke from the flake plate to their nostrils. Every time a bill is so used, Woodford and other chemists suspect, it becomes permanently contaminated with cocaine, and when it's replaced in a wallet with other bills, it contaminates those bills also, and all this currency changes hands. Moreover, people quite commonly use starchy, stiff new bills as stash packets for small quantities of cocaine; one bill, folded carefully like an envelope, can hold several grams of coke. And finally, people who deal large quantities of wholesale cocaine also typically count massive quantities of high-denomination bills—twenties, fifties, and hundreds—at the same time, when the cocaine and the money change hands. The counting is usually done under extremely stressful circumstances—in a room full of money, dope, and people with guns, subject to ripoffs or police break-ins at any moment—and so the counters' hands are typically sweaty. The counters are also typically preparing cocaine and snorting it even while they're counting the bills, which would greatly promote the hydrolysis and binding of cocaine to the paper bills. So it should really come as little surprise, experts agree, that the entire money supply of the nation may be tainted with cocaine.

"At one time or another we will have tainted money in our pocket," warns Dr. Hearn to the Miami Herald. "If you have over \$1000 in cash, it is a virtual 100-percent probability that there will be a trace of drugs in that money." And since the federal law now stipulates that "any detectable amount" of cocaine is illegal, it's possible that every man, woman and child in the country is technically liable to a narcotics prosecution, any time the authorities want to throw one. HT



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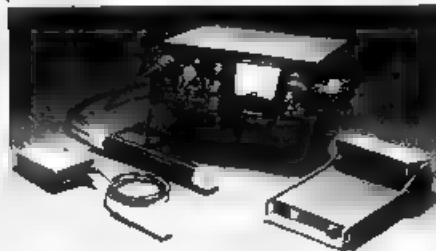
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ANALYSIS

WAYLAID IN MEXICO: A FLASHBACK

by Gene Wheelwright

THE CUSTOMS SERVICE OFFICERS LIKE to tell you before you cross the border into Mexico, "That's another country over there." It's a kind of last, gentle reminder that once you're over that line, they have no authority over what happens to you—you're under another jurisdiction, where you can be presumed guilty before proven innocent.

Consequently, an uneasy feeling sets in, once you are on the other side of the border—a gnawing and persistent paranoia, which may be allayed at times with the reassuring notion, often heard, that no matter how much trouble you might get into in Mexico, you can probably buy your way out.

They had told us, when we were driving down to Guadalajara back in 1978, that after the initial border check, where you got your tourist card and filled out all the forms, there would be another stop at a waystation about 15 kilometers down the road. At that point our vehicles would be thoroughly searched—unless we gave the guy in the uniform the equivalent of at least \$5 in pesos. The three of us and our kids were traveling in a station wagon and a mildly weird-looking hippie van, both of them crammed with our kids and belongings. We weren't carrying anything illegal, but it was a drag to have to wake up the kids and pull everything out for inspection. So we offered the moustached *hombre* at the waystation 20 pesos—"Hola, amigo!"—and he took it and waved us on with a smile.

Gassed to be past our first brush with the notorious Mexican heat and heading out on the open road across the vast Sonoran desert, my driving partner and I rapped to each other over the CB radio—agreeing that it would be great if we could pull out a joint now.

We were dislodged from our euphoric space by a pair of headlights that suddenly loomed up behind us, then swept around us in the shape of a jeep carrying three armed men and an enormous searchlight. They crowded us over to a sudden stop at the side of the road, where my friend and I emerged with arms and hands, reflexively, held high. We were acutely, telepathically conscious of our unshorn, ponytailed, hippie hair.

In a few seconds we were both up flat against the side of the station wagon, with our arms spread out on the roof, one of them

giving us a rough body search while the other two pressed the muzzles of their submachine guns in our backs. Out in the desert the ocotillos and saguaro cactus glared white in the searchlight, while only a finger's twitch intervened between that critical moment and an explosion of lead through my innards.

And I was thinking: *I'm in another country.*

We were lucky. When the one conducting the search shined his flashlight into the station wagon, he saw our kids waking up and moving around. He said something, and the guns were withdrawn. They identified themselves as *federales*—but dressed as they were in jeans and straw hats, who could say? A quick check of our tourist cards and my wife's student papers showed that everything was in order. They went so far as to tell us that they had been looking for "guns and drugs," and we had looked suspicious. Then they sped away in their jeep.

This was how Operation Condor—the Mexican-American crackdown goaded on by the Nixon administration—was experienced by the dope trafficker in Mexico in the 1970s. All along the Pacific Coast Highway between Nogales and Guadalajara—especially on the lonely stretch of highway cut through mountainous tropical jungle between Culiacán and Mazatlán—war was waged between the *federales* and the *narcotraficantes*. And in those days the feds had the upper hand. The ones carrying guns and dope weren't so lucky as we were. When they were waylaid on that highway, they usually didn't show up again. As the old man running the palm-frond cantina on the beach in Mazatlán said to us, "The *federales* break your bones, señores—they break all your bones, one at a time."

So now, in 1985, it's the dope dealers who have the clear upper hand in Mexico. We hear of American DEA agents being abducted off the highway and snuffed, and Mexican narcs crumpling under a hail of bullets from speeding pot-farm trucks—as the U.S. protests that Mexico is no longer cooperating, and shuts down border crossings to display its pique.

How it came to this turning of the tables, how the falling out occurred between two sold-out governments, clearing the way for the flood of Mexican pot we're now experiencing, will have to wait till next month.

TRANS-HIGH MARKET QUOTATIONS



UNITED STATES

Atlanta Market

U.S. sinsemilla	grade A fancy, just about gone	oz	\$150-250
	domestic sinse. lit	b	1800-3200
	N.J. Ohio, etc	lb	100-200
Hawaiian sinse	premium prices—the heat's on	lb	1500-2000
Commercial Mexican	pseudo-sinse flood, waves & troughs	oz	75-150
Thai weed	dark green blocks pressed buds	lb	600-1000
	pressed buds	oz	125-175
	loose, goldish buds	lb	1500-2000
Jamaican pressed sinse	intensely flavorful and aromatic	oz	125
Jamaican commercial	lamb's bread	lb	1,150-1400
Colombian merah	down to earth	oz	50-75
Afghan hash	streetweed, okay smoke	lb	450-700
	good old black	lb	50-75
Red Leb hash	Afghan, another old standby	lb	450-600
Mushrooms	psilocybe cubensis, pure psychedelic	lb	1500-3000
LSD	white lightning, original process	gm	45,000
Cocaine	all-out blizzard, varying impurity	oz	1550-1950

Area Bullatins

Austin, Tex.	green-gold buds, Tex-Mex hash, variety store acid, yuppie dose	oz	\$70-120
	yuppie price	oz	90-120
	coke, snuff dust	one	2-5
	speed big demand & big busts	gm	100
	"buds, few around, purple haze"	gm	90-100
	ketamine small, cozy scene	one	2-5
	MDA, or was it MDM?	gm	10-20
Carbondale, Ill.	local sinsemilla, abundant	oz	75-110
	Mexican brown, gets you high	lb	950-1200
	cocaine, average	oz	60-90
	pink windowpane from Harvard	gm	850-1000
	mushrooms gone to pieces	oz	100
Columbia, S.C.	indoor sinse, pale chlorophyll	oz	500-600
Honolulu	Mauu Wowie or so they say	lb	5
Hunterdon County, N.J.	tasty homegrown sinsemilla	oz	100-200
	LSD blots, "fresh from lab"	oz	120
Levittown, Pa.	l.s. sinse, grade A	oz	120
	lesser grades	oz	75-100
	Thai weed, loose primo	oz	150-175
	loose wigreen	oz	600
	methamphetamine "the best"	oz	125-150
Madison, Wis.	red Leb, only thing around—yikes	oz	440
Mid. Putaski, Ill.	prairie green sinsemilla	oz	50-60
	Jamaican, exotic	oz	250
	Colombo, tried and true	oz	100
	hash w/ opium acid, supposedly—	oz	1400-1500
	"pure trips"	oz	100-120
	freez-dried shrooms	oz	85
Nelsonville, Ohio	indica sinsemilla locally grown	oz	65-80

New York City

	concentrate	lb	2800-3000
	Hawaiian, mima	oz	100
	ture but potent		
	Indonesian, harsh,	oz	60
	choking		
	Jamaican "jam	lb	550-800
	cans, silver foil		
	"Jam What Am."	oz	125
	sinsemilla ganja	lb	1300
	Mexican sinse,	oz	65-100
	earthy to spicy	lb	600-950
	Afghan, black,	lb	1650
	the best		
	Paki stamped "Free	lb	1350-1800
	Afghanistan"		
Providence, R. I.	Hawanan Puna	oz	85
	buds, fruity taste	lb	1000
	black Paki hash	gm	10
		oz	70
Rochester,	bud supreme	gm	8-13
Mich.		oz	100-170
	primo sinse —	oz	100-140

Providence, R.I.

Rochester, Mich.

St. Louis, Mo.

San Diego, Cal.

San Francisco

South Brunswick, N.J.

Tucson, Ariz.

Woodstock, N.Y.

Thai gold bud, sweet supply	gm	8-10
Colombo moldy brown-seeders	oz	50
blond hash	lb	500
fair and rare	gm	6
black hash, needle in haystack	gm	8-10
mushrooms—mexicana?	oz	80
mesquite, various dots, lots	lb	2
Mexican red hairs, new and welcome	oz	40-100
Colombian browns, much marsh	oz	100
coke, flake flood, here to stay	gm	55-60
indica buds	oz	100
skunk buds	oz	2000-2100
Mexican red hairs, wide range	oz	200
Mexican hash, terrible taste	oz	180-200
Mushrooms, old reliable	lb	350-800
crystal trunk, vast quantity	oz	15
coke, till you croak	oz	50
northern Cali	gm	6-7
lorna green	oz	90-110
Humboldt purple	oz	1300
Thai buds loose, mashed	oz	100
Thai, compressed & canned	oz	150-200
Mexican sinse, commercial, blabs	oz	100-200
Afghan black, still the best	oz	175
white lightning win	oz	1600
downpane, funeral	oz	75-100
multicolored blotter acid	oz	750-1000
more blotter	oz	1400 @
black pyramid	lb	1600
coke, rocky	gm	1600
mountain high	oz	75-100
ADM, pop pill	oz	750-1000
"tristate sinse"	oz	1400 @
purple double barreled acid	lb	1600
acid, big Doonesbury tabs	gm	4-300
coke, "right off the boat"	oz	1
Mex sinse, from down the road	oz	1
N.M. sinse, high concentrate	oz	55-80
Catskill mountain sinsemilla	gm	90-120
Hawaiian sinse, "Kauai electric"	oz	1700-1900

Atlanta (Atlantic)

"California sinse"	best from out west	gm	\$7-20
Provincial homegrown	tops, excellent when found	lb	1800-2500
	leftover leaves, mediocre	gm	7-10
Black hash, re-pressed	uneven quality	lb	800-1200
Colombian	compressed, seedy, fair to good	gm	2-4
LSD	blotter	lb	400-600
Cocaine	micro-dot	gm	10-20
	from very poor to up-to-snuff	lb	3000-3800

(Pacific)

U.S. sinsemilla	turned up seedy in Saskatchewan	oz	175
Mushrooms	B.C. babies	lb	1600-2000
		gm	10
		oz	175

CHINA

Kashgar hash, Ligyer-made	beaten, not rubbed	kg	\$22
Dali buds	varying quality, near Laos border	?	free
Ligyer-made	altered states in Beijing	kg	100
Kashgar hash	stolen from hospitals, army	gm	2

ITALY

Italian homegrown	"acrid European taste; 2-hour hit"	gm	\$3
African weed	hardly around now	gm	5
Moroccan hash	squeezed out	gm	3-5
Moroccan chocolate hash	average "primero"	gm	6-7
Moroccan spunk hash	dark outside light inside, succulent	gm	8-9
Cocaine	high quality, very bright, spacey	gm	60
	toot sweet	gm	60

THE NETHERLANDS

Dutch sinsemilla buds	tiptoeing through the tulips	gm	\$3-4
Mali hash	stinky but strong	lb	750
Lebanese hash	various quantities	gm	5
Moroccan hash	the usual	gm	3-4
Kashmiri hash	black, good to great	gm	1-2
Colombian reg	it's everywhere	gm	3-4
Filipino grass	OK—no seeds but lots of stems	gm	1-2
African brown	best import	gm	2-50

THAILAND

Brown stick, in Koh Samed	disonentag, buzzy	5gm	\$1.12
Green stick, in Phuket	sticky stick, zooming high	7gm	1.85
Domestic weed, in Phuket	loose and seedy, anemic	gm	18c

TIBET

Nepalese hash, in Lhasa	handrubbed, black dynamite	kg	\$100
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ABUSE FOLIO GLUTETHIMIDE AND CODEINE

AKA: loads, set ups, four doors, hits, two-by-fours

HAZARDS

Glutethimide (Doriden) and codeine in combination expose the consumer to all the dangers of both opiates and barbiturates. Consistent use at toxic doses can produce physical dependence, i.e. addiction.

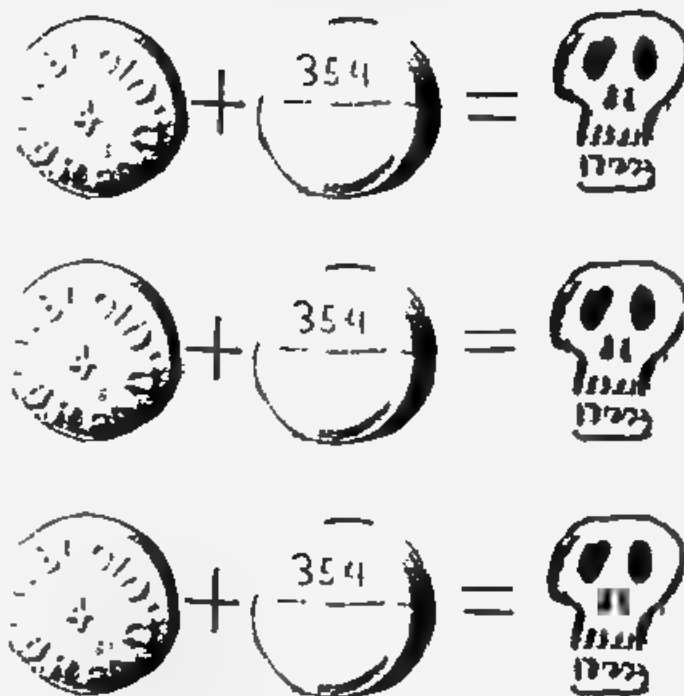
With the presence of Glutethimide, a barbituratelike sedative hypnotic, withdrawal from loads can be life-threatening because of the danger of seizures. There are a number of possible side effects as noted below in "Hazards and Liabilities."

NATURE AND USE

Glutethimide (Doriden) is a nonbarbiturate sedative hypnotic used in treating non-chronic insomnia. Codeine is an opium derivative used as a general painkiller. Both drugs are scheduled, prescription preparations. The combination is supposed to simulate the effects of heroin and is available only on the illicit street market. Owing to the danger involved in use at an intoxicating quantity, we feel that there is no recreational use of this combination—only abuse. First seen in early 1980, the abuse of set ups escalated toward the end of 1980. At the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic we saw an increase in both drug overdose and drug dependence associated with set ups.¹ In Southern California the same combination is called "loads,"² and this has increasingly become the generic term for the potent combination.

HAZARDS AND LIABILITIES

This is a particularly dangerous mixture for overdose because it combines a narcotic with a potent sedative hypnotic that approximates in lethality a short-acting barbiturate. Glutethimide can be deadly at only five to ten times the therapeutic dose used to induce sleep. In some persons, glutethimide produces an atypical intoxication seizure. Daily use in excess of 30 days at a level five times the therapeutic level can produce



Medical advice by David E. Smith, M.D. Written by David E. Smith and Rick Seymour of the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic. The authors do not advocate the use of any psychoactive substances.

physical dependence. Chronic use may cause stumbling, staggering and neurological deficits in hands and legs that can progress to paralysis. Psychiatric problems may be precipitated or aggravated. High doses of the aspirin and acetaminophen found in codeine compounds can cause gastric ulcers, tinnitus and hearing loss, liver damage and blood coagulation disorders. Other additives in high quantity can cause kidney damage, central nervous system (CNS) problems and death.³

FIRST AID PLUS

Due to the nature of glutethimide as a short-acting sedative hypnotic, there is no specific antagonist for either overdose or dependence. Both conditions require the expertise and facilities of an emergency room, drug treatment clinic or poison control center. Be sure that treatment people know what drugs

are involved so they can take all the proper life-sustaining measures

OVERDOSE

The overdose is only partially reversed by the administration of naloxone (Narcan), which, as a narcotic antagonist, will nullify only the effects of the codeine. The effects of the glutethimide must be managed conservatively until it is excreted from the body since there is no sedative hypnotic antagonist. A life-support system for both respiration and the cardiovascular system is often necessary. Vigorous medical intervention is indicated and hospitalization is usually required.

WITHDRAWAL

Withdrawal from codeine dependence by itself is clinically no worse than a bad case of the flu. It can be managed on an outpatient basis with sympto-

matic nonnarcotic medication. Glutethimide withdrawal, however, is much more complex than detoxification from codeine. Withdrawal can induce seizures, withdrawal psychosis or death. The withdrawal syndrome is similar to that seen after the abrupt cessation of a short-acting barbiturate. At the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic and allied inpatient facilities, we have used a phenobarbital substitution and withdrawal technique for glutethimide dependence with good results. A sedative dose of phenobarbital (30 mg) is substituted for each 250 mg of glutethimide. After two days' stabilization on the phenobarbital, the phenobarbital dose is reduced 30 mg a day. Variation, such as the substitution of another short-acting barbiturate, then graded reduction of dose, or graded reduction of the glutethimide itself, can be used, but we believe these techniques are less effective. They should be used only on an inpatient basis.

During the withdrawal phase, attention should be given to the possibility of phenobarbital intoxication and to possible manipulative behavior by the patient in an effort to get more medication. The latter, if successful, can greatly impede the progress of detoxification and does not help the patient. If signs of intoxication are observed, the dose of the substitution drug is reduced. Because of the potential for seizure, glutethimide withdrawal should never be treated without medication in a "cold turkey" fashion, or treated by inexperienced personnel. HT

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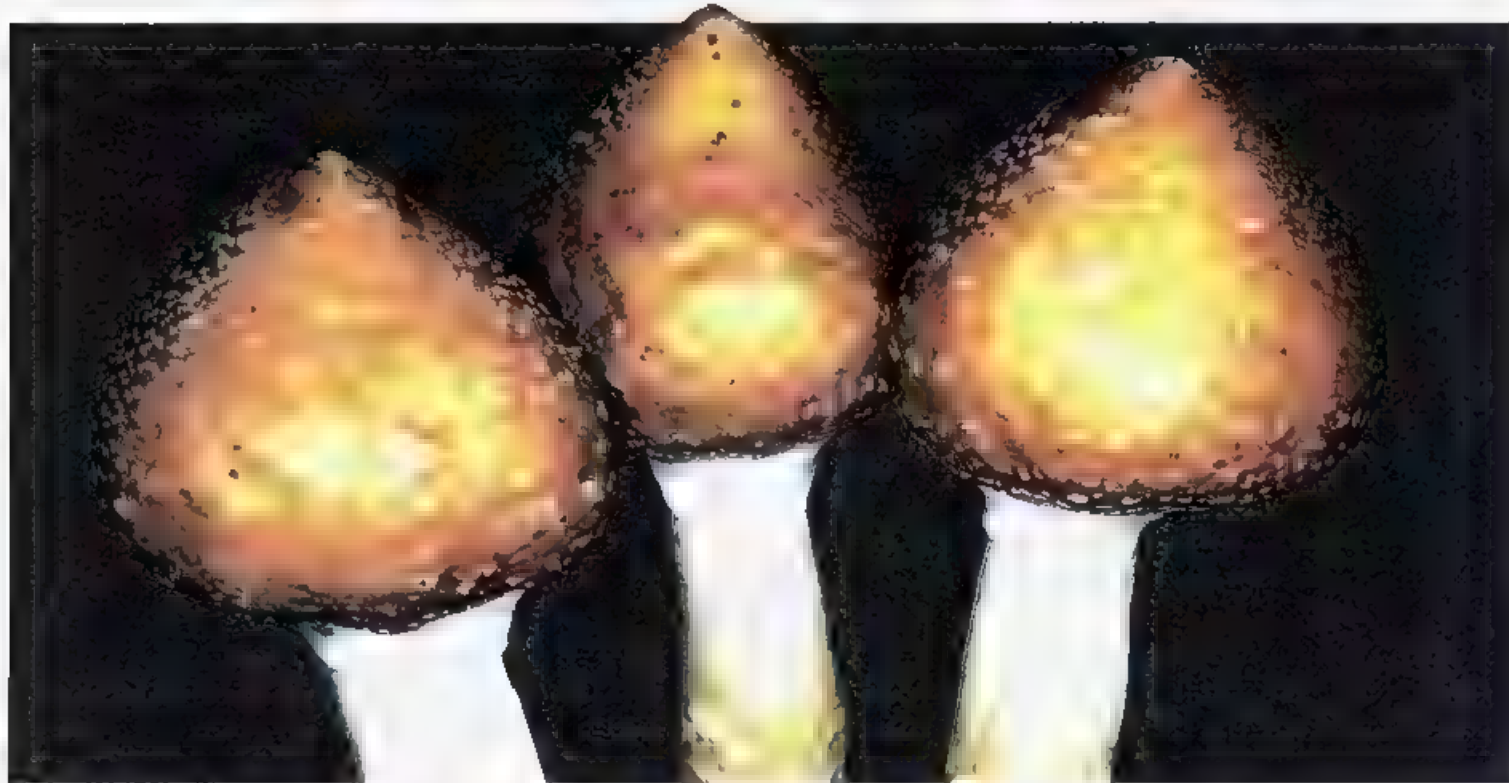
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³Ibid

"Loads" has reemerged recently as a drug of choice, thus this reprint from May 1982 HIGH TIMES.

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Photo by Robin Holland

Werner Herzog's Strange Visions

Germany's leading director has the mind of a mystic and the soul of an eternal dreamer

by Robert Seidenberg

THEY WERE READY to play ball. The sides were picked—cast and crew of Wim Wenders' *Paris, Texas* versus cast and crew of Jim Jarmusch's *Stranger Than Paradise*. This game of softball at last fall's Telluride Film Festival in Colorado would prove to be one of the festival's fiercest competitions. To ensure a fair contest, Werner Herzog was asked to umpire. But Herzog—who, with Wenders and the late Rainer Werner Fassbinder, is West Germany's most talented and best-known contemporary filmmaker—declined the invitation.

The 42-year-old director is an avid sports fan and agile athlete, but he confessed to an ignorance of the game's rules. It was obvious, he said, that softball pits one person—the batter—against the opponent's entire team. Consequently, and regardless of the rules, Herzog would have to side with the one. He could not officiate fairly.

Scruffy with 10 days' beard growth, his rumpled hair standing on end, Herzog chuckled as he recounted this tale during a whirlwind promotional tour for his most recent film, *Where the Green Ants Dream*. But when I suggested that this anecdote provided the perfect taking-off point for a discussion of his work, he turned very serious and his deep-set melancholy eyes took on the expected intensity of a man who once claimed to have no understanding of irony.

Many of Herzog's films—which total 14 features and 14 documentaries—concern an individual or group in conflict with a more powerful other. Invariably, the director sides with the underdog. Although Herzog insists that this theme not be overemphasized by critics ("because then the films couldn't develop other dimensions"), he admits to its presence.

"Of course I have quite often in my films sided with lonesome people who have been in collision with certain other forces that are far superior to one single person," the director explains, seated in the conference room of Orion Pictures' Manhattan office. "The best example is *The Enigma of Kaspar Hauser*. The real title is *Everyman for Himself and God Against All*, and that gives some sort of hint of my attitude. It's almost like a motto for my life and for my work."

The Noble Underdog

THOUGH SEEN AS weirdos, misfits and cripples, the loners in Herzog's pictures are actually the only ones with dignity; it is they who, when placed in extreme situations, speak of the human condition. In *Woyzeck* (1970), the title character is used and abused by all those around him—his wife, doctor and army officers. A general tells him, "You lack morals. You lack virtue," but in reality he is the only virtuous character, a mere victim of the amoral. In *Stroszek* (1977), the title character, misled by the hope for and promise of quick riches, remains disillusioned and helpless. And in *Kaspar Hauser* (1975), the title character comes to civilization untouched by any society or education, is "civilized," corrupted and eventually murdered.

The new movie, *Where the Green Ants Dream*, features Australian aborigines whose land is exploited by a large mining operation. They have lived on the land for nearly 30,000 years, but in the miners' eyes, the aborigines are simply impediments to progress. And the odds



● Werner Herzog (right) with Roy Marika on location in Australia.

stack high against them in this clash of cultures.

"In *Green Ants* this other force—and let's name it, it's our Western civilization—is not beyond control, but it's out of control," says the filmmaker, carefully choosing the precise words. "It has gone completely out of control and those people who are in control, who do things all right and insist on the dignity of their existence, are the aborigines. And therefore the film has its sympathy on their side.

The movie is about not only the aborigines' loss of sacred sites, however. "It is just as much a film on us," explains Herzog in well-pronounced English whose occasionally awkward constructions reveal his foreignness. "It's only more visible over there what is going on almost everywhere in the world." And it is this destruction of cultures by encroaching Western civilization that occupies the director's mind these days.

"There are things that are just a tragedy that we have to be aware of," he explains mournfully. "I mean, in enormous proportions everyone is screaming about the fact that lions might become extinct or the last eagle might die out, but it's much worse to see that a whole culture and a whole tribe is dying out. I've seen one aborigine who was the last and final and definitive only surviving member of his clan and language group, so when he dies it's as if the last—I don't know—as if the last French-speaking people is dying away. And it will never be spoken and heard again on this Earth. It's irrevocably lost.

"And the young aborigines want to move into the cities. They want to have

cowboy boots and appear like the heavy dudes with sunglasses, and they want to have transistor radios for the *Hit Parade* from the United States. And they will go away and they will only speak English. They will be of mixed blood quite soon and it will be gone. Or a tribe literally dies out like the last dinosaur or like the last mammoth. I mean, I say it just like that and we don't even know what kind of disaster it means for the world."

Hauling the Ship

FEAR OF ANOTHER kind of destruction is what motivates Herzog's filmmaking. He feels that our civilization is endangered—not by violence but by the extinction of meaningful images. In an attempt to replace worn-out images, he has consistently discovered and presented breathtaking visuals. "A striving, a trying to articulate new images is present in *all* my films," he told a 1979 workshop in Chicago. "We live in a society that has no adequate images anymore and, if we don't find adequate images and an adequate language for our civilization with which to express them, we will die out like the dinosaurs. It's as simple as that. We have already recognized the problems like the energy shortage or the overpopulation of the world or the environment crisis, but I think it has not yet been understood widely enough that we also absolutely need new images."

Paradoxically, in his quest for new and more powerful images, Herzog has practically ignored the sort of concern for civilization that he so often espouses in his words and work. He is a visionary

filmmaker, he has said that he is simply articulating dreams, dreams that are all of ours as well as his. But in trying to achieve his visions—which embrace and celebrate humanity—temporarily, during production, he devalues humanity. He risks the lives of others and himself, seems to court disaster; sets up harrowing tasks for himself and his crew; and insists that all subsequent suffering is somehow beneficial.

This was most evident during the filming of *Fitzcarraldo* (1981), the feature which preceded *Green Ants*, and it has been wonderfully documented in *Burden of Dreams*, a film by Les Blank. Herzog's Sisyphean tale revolves around an Irishman in the wilds of Peru who, in order to bring opera to an isolated Amazonian port town, has a plan that involves dragging an enormous steamer over a mountain from one river into another.

The film's production was plagued by death, disease, injury and native hostility, much of which could probably have been avoided had not Herzog been such a stickler for authenticity and insisted on unnecessary deep-jungle locations. Against the protests of cast and crew the director demanded that they actually recreate the fictional portage. The crew's engineer quit the film, claiming that the hauling methods were insufficient and could result in injuries or deaths. Les Blank, a friend of Herzog's, wrote in his journal, "I'm tired of it all and could care less if they move the stupid ship—or finish the fucking film." Klaus Kinski, who plays Fitzcarraldo, said of Herzog, "This much idiot no one

has ever been in the world! He could use a model—people don't care as long as they see it on the screen. But he wants to pull a real ship."

Nonetheless, Herzog persisted in what he referred to as "a story of a challenge of the impossible." He became as obsessed with hauling the ship as his fictional character, and the film became as much about the filmmaker as about Fitzcarraldo. Eventually, with the help of hundreds of native Indians, Herzog did manage to pull the ship up the slope—without any injuries. But during other portions of the filmmaking there were disasters. A plane crash resulted in deaths and critical injuries, but Herzog, as seen in *Burden of Dreams*, seemed practically unfazed, stating, "These are the costs you have to pay."

Risky Business

VIRTUALLY NONE of Herzog's films have been without risk to the physical well-being of their participants. A decade before *Fitzcarraldo*, he was in the same Peruvian jungle shooting *Aguirre, the Wrath of God*, about a mutinous band of Spanish conquistadors—a monstrous physical ordeal which he later confessed was "an undertaking way above my means. There wasn't a day without catastrophe." Making his first feature, *Signs of Life* (1967), in Greece during the military coup d'état, he threatened to shoot a police officer who wanted to prohibit the discharge of fireworks. Filming *Fata Morgana* (1970) in the Cameroons soon after an

aborted coup, he and his cameraman were mistakenly arrested and held in a fetid jail for several weeks.

Herzog's riskiest undertaking was unquestionably making the documentary *La Soufrière* (1977), a lovely study of the Soufrière volcano on the island of Guadeloupe before its presumed eruption. Luckily, while Herzog and two cameramen filmed the smoldering crater and the evacuated town, the volcano's eruption was only partial. Had it been as predicted, the three men likely would not have survived. With this movie Herzog dramatically demonstrated, "Films are more important than life."

Many of Herzog's films are exceptional works. Their visual magnificence is undeniable, the passion of the undertaking is quite evident; and in most cases, a strong narrative supports, rather than overpowers, the feelings and thoughts evoked by the images. And Herzog continues to insist that all of this would be impossible without the troubles encountered during their creation.

"Often by confronting difficulties and details, you confront reality," he explains. "Films are not made out of the minds of screenwriters. Disasters can be positive. The momentum of a disaster sometimes allows you to build up a beautiful scene."

All films are difficult challenges for the director, including such quieter, calmer pictures as *Land of Silence and Darkness* (1973), a feature-length documentary of a deaf and blind woman who emerged after a 30-year depression to help others who were similarly afflicted. "It's always a great strain to make films," he says at the conclusion of *I Am My Films*, a 1979 film portrait of Herzog. "It can be measured in stress, sleepless nights and dollars. For 14 years I have been doing things not within my grasp. But if someone cannot take the strain and the humiliations, then that person probably can't make films."

Walking the Borders

WERNER HERZOG was born Werner H. Stipetic in Munich, Germany in 1942. To escape the Allied bombing, his mother took the infant to the small village of Sachrang in the Bavarian Mountains, where Herzog grew up with his divorced mother and two brothers. He was 11 years old before he saw his first film.

"The first movies I saw were two documentaries screened at school," recalls Herzog, who now lives in Munich with his wife and two children. "We saw one film with Eskimos building an



● *Vampiress Isabelle Adjani stirs up a monk in Nosferatu the Vampire.*

igloo and the other one was pygmies weaving a liane bridge across a river. And I was very much amazed to see that I tried to look behind the screen to see if the pygmies were behind it. And later on I saw some Tarzan and Zorro and Dr. Fu Manchu movies and a few films of artistic value, but in my case many things happened quite late and quite abruptly."

Herzog grew up speaking only Bavarian dialect, not even knowing what oranges or bananas were. And as he explained after being slightly startled by a ringing phone, he didn't make his first phone call until the family moved back to Munich when he was 15 years old. "I still have a hard time with the telephone," he admits. "I have to use it, but I don't like it very much. I'm always somehow cautious, always a little bit scared of it."

"At the age of 14," continues Herzog, "there were some very drastic and big changes in my life. That's the time I could say I started to think independently. Many things that decided and still decide my life I started then... film-making and traveling. I wanted to go to Albania, for example, but you couldn't enter it. There were no visas at that time. It was completely isolated and mysterious. It attracted me very strongly because it was still somehow medieval and mysterious. So I walked along the border from Greece and on the Yugoslavian-Albanian border until I reached the Adriatic coast."

At this time he also had an intensive religious phase and converted to Catholicism "against the wild opposition of my entire family." It was also then that he first decided to become a film director, and he began to write scripts at school and submit them to unsympathetic producers.

"I never had any choice about becoming a director," he says. "It was always clear. And yet strangely enough I had absolutely no idea how film was being made. But I was never scared of just doing it."

An Instinct for Cinema

HERZOG CAME TO cinema as if it were his mission in life. And from the beginning his films have been unique, carrying the indelible Herzog signature. His approach to directing is anything but typical. For example, he never lets an underling wield the clapper slate which is used to label each shot on the set. He handles it himself because he wants to be "the last one who breaks the line in between the actors and the



● A high-ridin' midget makes a great escape in *Even Dwarfs Started Small*.

camera and everyone behind." He often employs nonprofessional actors like Australian aborigines, South American Indians, dwarfs and midgets. And just as he cannot explain why as a young man from a remote mountain village he "knew" that he would direct films, Herzog cannot explain how he coaches his actors or even why his films turn out the way they do. But he is certainly proud of his primitive, self taught approach, an approach based more on instinct than learned-and-memorized technique.

"While shooting my first feature, the leading actor came to me and wanted to discuss the concept of the central character and his motivations," recalls Herzog. "At the time I was 23 years old, by far the youngest around, and I said to him, 'I don't know what to say to you. Those things don't interest me. Go to the Turkish fortress [a major location] and lick the stones for two days and you'll know.' And he never came back again. He actually spent three or four days in the fortress just touching the stones, looking at things, and he was content with that. But had I ever been assistant to a director or had I been at film school I would have tried to explain to him the motivations of this character and I don't know what other bullshit."

His collaboration with Klaus Kinski, leading man in *Woyzeck*, *Aguirre*, *Fitzcarraldo* and *Nosferatu*, is similarly un-

orthodox. "When Kinski does a scene," explains the director, "I tell him, 'Klaus, the dialogue was all right. You were always in frame. You were good. It looks perfect and yet, I don't know, something is missing and I can't even name it.' And then I say, 'Let's do it once more and this time you are going to turn the pig loose.' And then all of a sudden he's sensational, unprecedented in this world."

"He knows that, for example, when you would normally call for a cut, I sense that there's more inside of the man and he senses that I am going to run the camera. And all of a sudden there comes some additional things which have not been planned. There's such a mutual trust in each other. I wait for something more and he knows I expect it from him. And some of the most beautiful things have been done in that way. But it's very unusual. It looks probably quite strange when somebody professional comes on the set and looks at what I'm doing and how I'm doing it."

TO TALK ABOUT HERZOG is to talk about landscape. It is the overriding image in most of his films. In *Signs of Life*, three German soldiers on a Greek island are overcome by the geography and go mad. At the end of *Nosferatu* (1979), the phantom of the night rides off into the gloomy sky across a

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Rock in Rio

The spirit of Woodstock is reincarnated in 10 days of music, madness and (legal!) marijuana.

"Rock in Rio" billed itself as the grandest rock bash in the universe, and its numbers were certainly astronomical: 10 straight days of music, up to 12 hours of music each night, a 500,000-watt sound system, and over a million and a half spectators. This festival, held for the first time in February, also presented a dazzling galaxy of stars. AC DC, the Scorpions, Yes, Nina Hagen, Rod Stewart, Whitesnake, Iron Maiden, Queen, James Taylor, Al Jarreau, George Benson, the B-52s, the Go-Gos. Also included were a dozen of the best Brazilian "roqueiros," among them, Gilberto Gil, Rita Lee, and a group called The Bitz.

This rock festival was a smash hit with the public, and the musicians too; many of the performers from outside Brazil want a repeat show next year, having been won over by Rio's heat, the enormous size of the festival, and by the hedonistic, wildly enthusiastic, music-loving audiences.

Rod Stewart's transformation is a good example. He arrived a true "star," acting like a real snot to everyone, especially the press. Later he admitted to a bad case of nerves, and told how, before his first show, he had badly damaged a bottle of Scotch to calm down. But after strutting his stuff, Rod was a

smash, and he was clearly enchanted as a couple of hundred thousand Brazilians sang along to his hits—in English. By his second show (each artist performed on two nights), he was a pussycat.

Stewart's conversion was marked by a Woodstockian deluge as the skies ripped open at 2 A.M. with a tropical downpour that doused "Rock City." The crowd knew its history, and "Rock in Rio" paid homage to the original counterculture mud bath with a tribal ritual of drenched dancing. Even Stewart took a bath, and amidst the sputtering illumination from thousands of spotlights, he was baptized a legitimate superstar.

AS FOR OTHER ACTS, Al Jarreau "didn't convince," as they say in Portuguese. A big crowd sat down on him—politely. The Go-Gos, that all-"gringa" group, got about the same reaction; the

crowd rested or snacked on Big Macs and Pepsi—ubiquitous products from two of the well-heeled sponsors. George Benson was a predictable success, but was "a bit commercial," according to the sophisticates. The big surprise was James Taylor. Here's a guy who doesn't sing rock, hasn't changed a note in 20 years, whose every song resembles "You've Got



Photos and text by Robert Ostrowski

● Rock fest revelers partied hearty into the night.

a Friend," and who is timid on stage. In spite of all this, he had the entire live audience and half the country (via TV) in his pocket. Taylor's twanginess seems to touch something deep in the local psyche. And the women especially, from 14 on up, get almost militant, either swooning or aggressively defending him.

Interestingly, this American "Old Timers" night (with Jarreau, Taylor, Benson) was the best draw in this eclectic rock festival, selling out 250,000 numbered tickets.

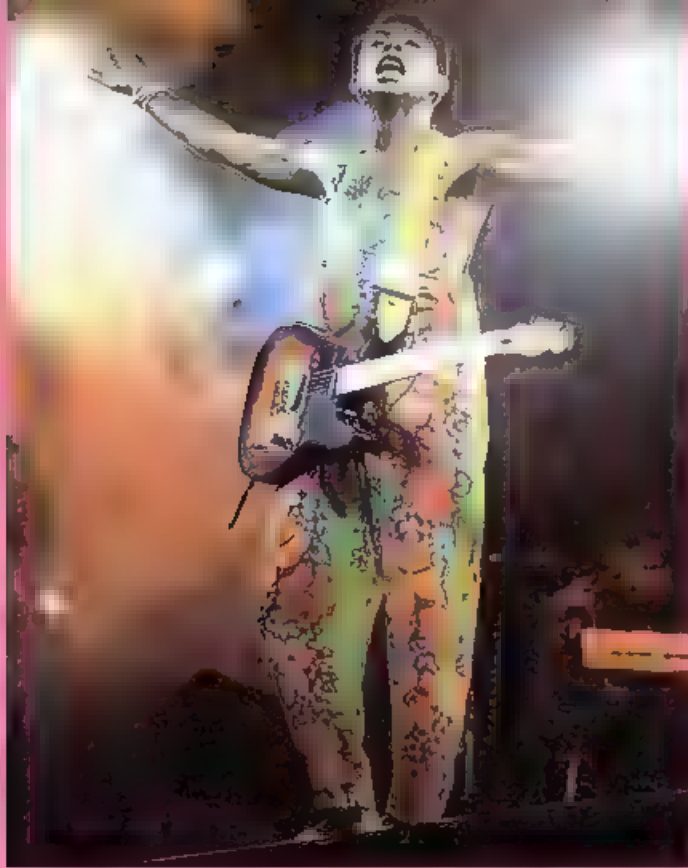
ON THE NIGHTS featuring heavy metal bands, "Rock in Rio" showed its other persona. The metal crowd, young and from the poorer classes, arrived very early, dominating the best turf right in front of the stage and thereby controlling the feedback that the performers got on stage. The prevailing sentiment: "The only good music is rock and the only good rock is imported heavy metal." These "critics" went uncritically wild for every foreign group, bounding up and down in a violent frenzy with elbows jabbing, sweaty bodies careening, screaming with laughter and sometimes flinging a few fists. (The private se-

firm but unaggressive.) But pity the Brazilians who played first—those who weren't up to metal snuff got sand, stones and refuse thrown at them along with barbed insults and obscene hand signals. And this is a common reaction because Brazilian rock isn't heavy metal at all; it's much more clever, subtle and tropically sweet. Whitesnake and Iron Maiden scored well the first night before Queen closed the show with a delirious blast. But the big heavy metal winners were the Scorpions and AC/DC, both making Rock City stomp with delight.

BUT ECCENTRIC THEATRICAL rockers were the big winners. With her own peculiar style, Nina Hagen amazed everyone, singing in every key and in five languages (all unintelligible to most Brazilians), and almost breaking glass with her strong voice while occasionally stroking the animal head she's fond of wearing at her crotch. Enshrined

● Festivalgoers cooled off in the sprinkler-laden wading pool (top left). An entrepreneur made a mint selling Rock in Rio rolling papers (center left). Rod Stewart (bottom left) strutted his stuff. A wasted party animal (below) was really laid back. Local boy Gilberto Gil (top right) made good, while naughty Nina Hagen (bottom right) made bad





by the press. Nina and her astute impresario made more bucks than any performer with other nightclub shows. Commerce and endorsements and even a walk on in a soap opera. The kitch of the B-52's went over well because their music is so identifiable and American corn is fun to laugh at for most Latins. Ozzy Osbourne, believe it or not, is almost revered in Brazil. Perhaps it's because his portly appearance and satanic theatricality closely resemble a famous and powerful devil saint in the voodoo-type folk religion that's vastly popular in Brazil. Finally, Yoko closed out the entire festival with a soprano-

cated aser show and a tour de force of classy, erudite rock that left the multitude in a state of communal well-being.

AFTER A YEAR OF planning and 10 days of doing, "Rock in Rio" went off without a major glitch. Brazilians were incredulous. Sure, the infrastructure was great: bars, beer halls, bathing pools, fast food, mini shopping centers, hundreds of turnstiles and working toilets and good security and transportation. But "Rock in Rio" had another important ingredient in its successful formula pot. For the first time in Brazilian history, possession of grass was decriminalized within the confines of Rock City during the 10 days of the festival. Unofficially, of course, no law was changed nor any announcement made. But the word rapidly spread and the audience came prepared to hear rock as it ought to be heard: happy and publicly stoned.

Brazilians, in private, almost always have a distaste for the entrepreneur at the festival made a small fortune selling rolling papers printed with Rock in Rio on the official script. "Long live 'Rock in Rio!'"





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Major League Loaded

Sports stars are world-class consumers of controlled substances, and the team owners think things are getting out of control.

by Legs McNeil

"It's the bottom of the ninth, the bases are loaded. So are all the players. It's one hell of a game here at Steroid Stadium. The score is tied between the Cocaine Cougars and the Freebase Basestealers. And here he comes, bounding out of the dugout like a man with a holy mission, that golden boy of baseball, Casey Cokehead! Boy, oh, boy, the fans are going wild! Whatta game this is!

"There's a solemn hush over the crowd as Mainliner Mike stands erect on the pitcher's mound, winding up for one of his famous speedballs.

"But wait a minute—Casey's manager is trotting over to home plate. What's this? He's holding a little glassine bag and a silver spoon. Must want to give Casey one last pep talk. Now Casey is nodding his head, and it looks like his entire body is beaming as he returns to the plate.

"The umpire calls, 'Batter Up.' The pitch is thrown." CRACK!

"Did you hear that, sports fans?! It looks like... Yes... It's going... going... GONE! Casey has smacked another one right out of the ballpark!!!

"But wait a minute—Casey is slowing down as he rounds second base. What's this? He's clutching his heart. No... NO... It can't be! CASEY HAS FALLEN TO HIS KNEES!

"The fans are booing him. A doctor is coming out onto the field to where Casey has keeled over near third base. It looks like—yes, Casey is turning blue! The doctor is listening to his heart. Now the doctor's sadly shaking his head. The fans are raining a torrent of beer cans and base-pipes on their fallen hero, as Casey is carried away on

a stretcher.

"Well, folks, it looks like Casey Cokehead has struck out for good."

Never happen, you say? Too farfetched? A dope-fueled fantasy dreamed up by HIGH TIMES editors? Well, if you think Casey Cokehead and his buddies at Steroid Stadium are unbelievable, just go out to your local newsstand, pick up the daily newspaper and take a good look at the sports page. It reads more like an episode of *Miami Vice* than *Jack Armstrong, All-American Boy*.

Back in the good ol' days, when Joe DiMaggio was still known as Joltin' Joe rather than Mr. Coffee, the sports scene provided an insular world of All-American virtues that was unaffected by the outside world. The real world may have been ravaged by two World Wars, the Great Depression and Cold War confrontations, but the world of sports was still a place where one could turn to escape the problems and pressures of everyday life.

Of course, even in those days athletes were not immune to substance abuse. But back then, the substance was primarily alcohol. And though the booze-soaked sports-writers were well aware that heroes from Babe Ruth to Mickey Mantle had feet of clay and livers of lushes they kept that fact out of the nation's press and instead promoted the stars as larger-than-life athletic icons.

Not any longer. Today's sensation-seeking media is only too anxious to exploit the drug stories of stoned sports stars. And athletes provide the media plenty of hot copy. "There isn't a player in baseball who hasn't smoked a joint or seen a line of coke," claims New York Yankee Juan Bonilla, a utility infielder who spent time in a drug-and-alcohol program in '82 trying to kick his cocaine habit.

Baseball's Bad Boys

Vida Blue, a Cy Young Award winner and National League Most Valuable Player, who pitched on three World Series teams and won nearly 200 games, probably knows as much about drugs in baseball as any player in the major leagues. On August 5, 1983, Blue was kicked off the Kansas City Royals for his involvement with drugs, and shortly thereafter he was convicted of cocaine possession, for which he served 81 days in a Fort Worth federal slammer.

Though three of his Royals teammates were also busted on drug-related charges, Vida Blue is most likely to come to mind when you mention drugs in baseball, because of his outstanding achievements in the sport. But if you



think the Royals bust was an isolated incident, just a bunch of rotten apples in baseball's Great American Apple Pie, you should listen to what Blue has to say on the subject.

"The public thinks the other Kansas City Royals players and I are the only athletes in professional sports who used drugs," Blue told *USA Today*. "If you were to make a case against everybody who uses drugs in pro sports, you might have to close down some of the teams."

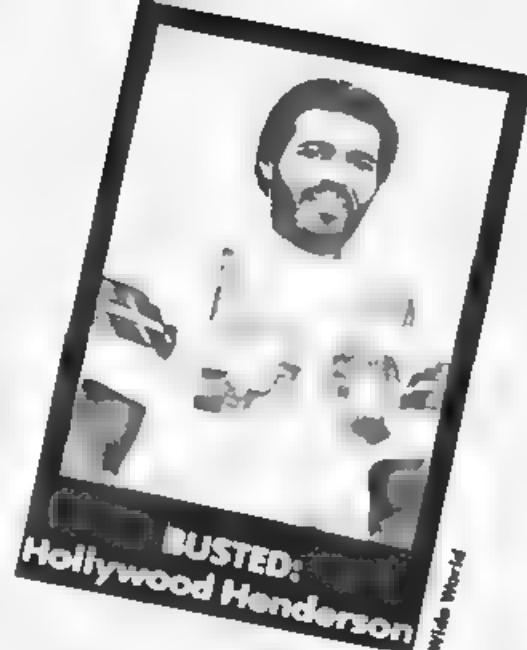
Is Blue exaggerating, or trying to lessen the seriousness of his offense by implicating so many others? Don't bet on it. In an interview with *HIGH TIMES*, former big league pitcher Bill "Spaceman" Lee was asked, "What would happen if [baseball commissioner] Bowie Kuhn levied a \$250 fine against every player in baseball who smoked dope?" Lee's reply: "He'd be a rich man."

Dock Ellis, a former All Star pitcher for the Pittsburgh Pirates, admitted that he had pitched a no-hitter against the San Diego Padres in 1970 while stoned on LSD. "I was zeroed in on the catcher's glove," Ellis, now an L.A. drug counselor, told the *Pittsburgh Press*. In another game four years later, the Pirate pitcher this time stoned on "pep pills," hit the first three batters he faced, walked the next one on four pitches, and threw two more balls before he was finally yanked.

Then there's Steve Howe. Howe was an L.A. Dodger sensation who won the National League's Rookie of the Year Award in 1980. The following year he was a hope-to-die dope fiend, snorting coke before, during and after games. Howe's fellow pitcher Dave Stewart who was recently busted for bailing a transvestite in the back seat of his car in an L.A. back alley, told the press how he used his body to shield Howe while the young pitcher tooted up in the bullpen. After a series of drug-related mishaps, Howe was finally suspended by then-commissioner Bowie Kuhn and wound up selling used cars. This April, he showed up at spring training, claiming he was healthy, clean and ready to pitch. We'll see.

While Howe's presence at spring training raised hopes for his baseball future, another player's career was jeopardized by his absence. California Angels' first baseman Daryl Scomers had been AWOL since the team began its spring regimen. When Scomers finally contacted the team, he admitted to club officials that he was battling a drug problem. Though Scomers claimed that he had his problem under control, Angels brass sent the first baseman to the Life Start Program in Inglewood, California for further evaluation.

Even as this article was being written three separate dope cases involving baseball players hit the headlines. "A's Norris booked on cocaine charge," screamed one headline. "Claudell nabbed on coke rap" quickly followed. Then came "Dale Berra Testified in drug probe." The first headline referred to Mike Norris, ace pitcher for the Oakland A's, who was popped for possession of a quarter gram of coke and less than an ounce of pot after leading the California Highway Patrol on a wild 75-miles-per-hour car chase. The Claudell in the second headline is Atlanta Braves rightfielder Claudell Washington, who, like Norris, was nabbed for a quarter-gram of coke and a small amount of pot. A Walnut Creek, California cop allegedly spotted Washington's 1985 Jaguar weaving near a



freeway exit, pulled over the ballplayer, and found the coke and smoke in his car. Washington is no stranger to dope—he underwent treatment for drug dependency after the 1983 baseball season.

The third headline referred to a probe that could end up making the K.C. Royals scandal look like small potatoes. A federal grand jury in Pittsburgh is investigating "violations of drug laws" by Pittsburgh Pirate players. Berra, who has since been traded to the New York Yankees (managed by his father, Yogi), hastened to point out that he had been questioned "as a background witness and in no way a target witness in this or any other investigation." As we were writing this article, the number of players being questioned in this investigation was mounting almost daily. First there were Pirates Rod Scurry (who had admitted during the 1984 season that he was a cocaine addict and had subsequently undergone rehabilitation treatment), Lee Mazzilli and Don Robinson. Then came Lonnie Smith of the St. Louis Cardinals and Tim Lincecum of the Montreal Expos, followed by the New York Mets Keith Hernandez, Enos Cabell of the Houston Astros and Baltimore Oriole Lee Lacy. That makes players from seven different teams who are involved in the investigation thus far. And though none of them have been accused of any wrongdoing—yet—it's safe to say that this investigation could lead to the most explosive baseball scandal since the Chicago White Sox threw the 1919 World Series.

Peter's Prescription

The new Commissioner of Major League Baseball, *Time's* 1984 Man of the Year Peter Ueberroth, who organized the phenomenally successful

L.A. Olympics, obviously realizes the dimensions of drug use in baseball. He has made stamping out drug abuse one of his top priorities as commissioner. "We must solve the problem for those youngsters who play ball," says Ueberroth, "and at the same time show some examples for the rest of society."

"My efforts are going to be to fight drugs, not baseball players. We'll take it on a case-by-case basis—Is this some kid who got led astray, or is it some guy who's selling narcotics. Once we find that out, we can then decide on the appropriate course of action."

As commissioner, Ueberroth speaks primarily for the owners, who hired him and pay his salary. What about the players? How can they deflect criticism from fans and the media without giving up their rights as human beings? The Major League Players Association has already gone to the mat with the owners over the issue of mandatory urine tests. With the Basic Agreement between players and owners up for renegotiation this year, one of the two major stumbling blocks has been the issue of mandatory drug testing for players. MLPA head Don Fehr was bitterly opposed to mandatory testing, as were the vast majority of players. After much wrangling, a tentative agreement was reached that forbade mandatory drug testing as a standard clause in baseball contracts. However, all the details had yet to be worked out as we went to press.

"I believe the situation has been resolved to the satisfaction of both parties," said American League Vice President Bob Fishel.

Don Fehr was hedging his bets. "Though we don't know for certain," Fehr said, "it's possible we have an agreement. We just have to reduce it to details."

To get the word on the Players Association's overall drug program, **HIGH TIMES** contacted the MLPA. "We have a

joint agreement with management," the MLPA spokesman told us. "The idea behind the program is treatment and prevention as opposed to punishment. If the player isn't caught using in the workplace or convicted of criminal activity or isn't involved in distribution, then the player can go to the club and work it out. Or the club can approach the player. In these cases the player is not subject to discipline."

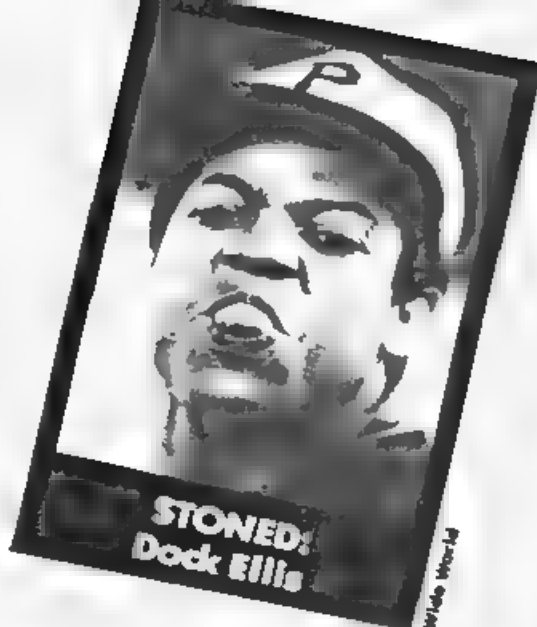
In theory, that is a humane approach. Unfortunately, most people who become heavily involved with drugs usually have to get into serious trouble before they admit they have a problem and try to get help. So despite the agreement between the owners and players, the screaming headlines will undoubtedly continue, and many baseball players will worry more about scoring drugs than scoring runs.

Hoops 'n' Heads

Baseball should by no means be singled out as the Sport of (Drug) Champions. Both the National Football League and the National Basketball Association have been forced to come to grips with severe drug problems. By far the harshest response to the drug issue has been the stand taken by the NBA. "The message we are sending out is clear," said Larry O'Brien, recently retired Commissioner of the NBA. "Drugs and the NBA don't mix. If you want to get involved with drugs, you won't be involved with the NBA."

What this boils down to in practical terms is that a player who gets involved with drugs and is caught by management is given one chance to undergo treatment and clean up his act. If he's caught again, it's curtains. He is banned from the NBA for life.

Of course, rules are made to be broken, especially if it is in the team ownership's best interest. Case in point



Michael Ray Richardson of the New Jersey Nets. After a series of run-ins with team officials owing to his problems with cocaine, Richardson was waived by the Nets without pay, in essence ending his career. But two months later the L.A. Lakers were in desperate need of a guard. They sent an assistant coach to watch Richardson work out; he liked what he saw. The Lakers contacted the Nets. Meanwhile, the Players Association had taken the Nets to arbitration to force them to pay Richardson's salary.

The Nets' management thought to themselves, "Hmmm, if the Lakers want this guy so bad, he must be back in shape. Which means we want him." Not wanting to pay a player for not playing, and unwilling to let him go to a rival team, the Nets reinstated Richardson midway through the '83 '84 season. He went on to make this season's NBA All-Star team.

"It wasn't easy," says Richardson. "You have to have help, but first you have to help yourself. I made up my mind to do it, but it still took a lot of help and support."

In spite of Richardson's inspirational

Drug scandal at Clemson linked to 'obsession to win'

By Rachel Shuster

Sentencing Column

Doctor: Steroid abuse killed six

By Larry W.

honor removed from 2
He had been taking it
for five years
—don't like to the

BASEBALL DRUG WATCH

Three Florida pub: *Hollywood drops super bomb*

limits to play

Dale Berra: *Testified in drug probe*

LAUDERDALE — Baseball Commission

Los Angeles — Former Dallas

in an interview from prison on KCRB

TV in Los Angeles Henderson

comeback, the NBA's draconian drug policy still stands. And the league has taken police-state measures to try to ensure that pro basketball is drug free. An "independent expert experienced in the field of drug abuse detection and enforcement" has been hired as an in-house NBA narc, according to league officials. This "expert" is empowered to determine whether there is, in the words of the NBA authorities, "reasonable cause to believe a player in question may have engaged in the illegal use of drugs. If so, the expert may issue an authorization for testing, which gives the NBA permission to administer tests for drug usage four times during a six-week period, such times to be decided at the discretion of the NBA without prior knowledge of the player."

That's quite a mouthful. What it means is that this management narc, solely at his discretion—and we know what flimsy excuses narcs use for "reasonable cause"—can force a player to take four urine tests in six weeks time. And you thought all the players had to do was put the ball through the hoop!

If this league-sanctioned snitch is efficient at his job, one can only wonder if there will be any players left for the NBA Commissioner's Office to preside over . . .

First Down Dopers

In the glamorous world of pro football, where even the President of the United States takes time out during his inauguration to toss the coin before the Super Bowl kickoff, drugs are as much a part of the sport as the attendant hoopla. One has only to recall the film *North Dallas Forty* (based on a novel by former Dallas Cowboys tight end Peter Gent)—wherein Nick Nolte (playing Gent's alter ego) and his pals casually pass around pot and pills, and the team doctor routinely shoots the players full of painkillers so they can win one for the owner—to realize the extent of drug usage in the National Football League.

League and team officials now express shock and dismay at the infiltration of drugs into the gridiron sport. But it wasn't too long ago that a sensational scandal erupted when the team physician for the San Diego Chargers revealed that dangerous drugs—especially amphetamines—were routinely prescribed to players as part of the team's training regimen. Stuff new rules were quickly instituted by the league, which put the clamps on team docs. But there's no denying that the NFL was into drugs in a big way long before the coke 'n' smoke

DRUG USE BY COLLEGE ATHLETES

Here are the results of an NCAA survey of 2000 athletes in 11 colleges.

DRUG	USERS	EX-USERS
Alcohol	82%	8%
Marijuana	27%	18%
Cocaine	12%	5%
Amphetamines	8%	3%
Major Painkillers	11%	17%
Tranquilizers and Barbiturates	1%	1%
Steroids	3%	1%

scandals started breaking.

One of those who watched this year's Super Bowl XIX with great interest was a former player who had participated in three previous Super Bowls. The ex-player observed the game from a front-row seat—in front of the TV set at the California Men's Colony, where he is currently doing time for sexual assault and trying to bribe witnesses. But in the player's view, those charges are merely symptoms of his real problem. "I'm not in prison for my sexuality," said Thomas "Hollywood" Henderson. "I'm in prison because of cocaine abuse."

From behind bars, Hollywood Henderson, the former *Newsweek* coverboy and brash linebacker for the Dallas Cowboys, was reminiscing about playing for the Cowboys against the Pittsburgh Steelers in Super Bowl XIII, "wired to the gills on cocaine." More explosively he told the press that some of the players he had suited up and snorted up with back in his playing days were still playing—indeed, were playing in Super Bowl XIX—and were probably still using drugs. Henderson's sensational charges made nationwide headlines, but a day later they were forgotten, just another drug scandal in a league awash in amazin' dope tales.

Even the NFL's supposedly straightest teams are not immune. If Dallas Cowboys coach Tom Landry had less of a "personal relationship with a living God"—as he reminds us in his TV commercial—and more of a personal relationship with his athletes, the Cowboys, once known as "America's Team," might never have been rocked by one of football's most explosive scandals. Though no indictments were handed down, everyone from the local sheriffs to the Feds were investigating the Cowboys not only about their recreational drug use but also about their possible involvement with drug smugglers. It was even

rumored that some of the Cowboys may have used their celebrity status to distribute drugs to other teams in the NFL. Among the players questioned were two of the Cowboys' biggest stars: offensive whiz Tony Dorsett and defensive power Harvey Martin. The resulting publicity was so damaging that the Cowboys' nickname was mockingly changed from "America's Team" to "South America's Team."

Mike Strachan, a former New Orleans Saints player convicted of selling coke, has been quoted as saying he estimates that, as of two years ago, 60 percent of all NFL players were involved with drugs, and 40 percent of those players used coke. The *Miami Herald* reported that Patrick Fanning, the former New Orleans assistant DA who prosecuted Strachan, estimates current NFL drug use at 30 percent among black players and 15 percent for whites. If either estimate is even in the ballpark, that's a lot of football players on dope.

Fanning's estimate raises another interesting point. Are there really more black football players—and black athletes in general—on drugs than whites? Or is this just a manifestation of the racism that plagues our nation, our judicial system (vide DA Fanning) and the media? One thing is certain: it's the blacks that are making more headlines, drawing the lion's share of league sanctions, and doing the bulk of the jail time. Figure it out for yourself.

There is one positive by-product of the tremendous influx of drugs in pro football. The NFL has instituted one of the more humane, realistic and sympathetic drug programs in pro sports. While the other pro leagues each offer one 24-hour drug hotline to their players, the NFL has no less than six doctors who can be reached 24 hours a day, in strict confidence, by players undergoing drug hassles. And for the most part, these are doctors with whom the players are familiar and in whom they can confide. "If you've ever been humiliated by the inhumanity of some asshole at the other end of the phone in a drug referral service," one pro athlete and former doper told *HIGH TIMES*, "you never look for help again. It's always better to call a friend. But in the world of professional sports, true friends are hard to find." The NFL at least tries to provide the players with a friend through its drug program.

Of course, all is not caring and compassion in pro football. The NFL does require players to submit to testing for

/ continued on page 76

East



Danny Sanchez, 16, poplocks, shivers and shakes. "Cause he eats Mexican jumping beans," says his friend Joe

THE CHICANO CULTURE OF EL BARRIO Photos by Ann Summa

L.A.

Robert Espana's 1938 Chevy was bought new by his grandfather for \$900 in 1938. He's put another \$11,000 into it. He's a member of the "Ghetto" car club, and says, "It comes to be expensive, but it's like a habit."



Culture does not emanate from the upper reaches of society and filter down to the masses. True culture—the thriving, vital voice of a people—comes from the roots of society, from the oppressed and the dispossessed, yearning to communicate their joys and hopes, their frustration and rage. The people of East Los Angeles are raising their voices and creating Chicano culture that is as vibrant and important as any in America.

East L.A. is that area east of the Los Angeles River extending from the hills of Boyle and Lincoln Heights eastward through the flatlands of Alhambra. For many people, however, the demarcation lines are defined more generally by graffiti—ELA is spray-painted on the various bridges and underpasses that connect East L.A. to the "westside." The letters are painted in the neo-gothic script that characterizes Chicano lettering. Approximately 90 percent of the people living in East L.A. are Hispanic, forming the largest concentration of Latinos in the United States.

The artists emerging from the barrio of East Los Angeles share a unique viewpoint. As Carlos Almaraz, the only local artist to be given a one-man show during the Olympics, points out, "West Coast art incorporates the influence of Mexico and the Asian influence—that's what makes it L.A. art." The Asian influence on Mexican art in Los Angeles can also be seen in the lettering style of artists such as

graffiti masters Chas Bojorquez and Richard Duardo, who have studied calligraphy and incorporate it into their art. "Instead of reiterating the European classics and getting lost in them," Duardo says, "I'd rather find my inspiration in the disposable now-ness of the Orient." And Bojorquez uses brushes rather than spray cans in his graffiti, which he calls "an almost hieroglyphic mixture of English and Spanish, it's Chicano writing for Chicanos."

The musicians of East L.A. may be more rebellious than the artists. Therese Covarrubias of The Brat read her poetry on the streetcorners downtown and in ELA when she was 16 just to get herself "out there," to communicate with the people. (The muralists were similarly motivated.) Willie Herron of Los Chicanos was also motivated "to be different from the cholo gang hanging-out scene." So many times I woke up being handcuffed by a policeman just for living where I did. My dad was involved with zootsuits, and once you look a certain way, it's hard to be accepted by mainstream society. You can't hide the tattoos and the scars.

Many of the up-and-coming artists and musicians of East L.A. came of age during the radical '60s, and from their frustrations and radicalism grew their art. All of them find it important to stay in ELA—as opposed to moving to the more affluent westside—to keep in touch with the culture that spawned them.

Although keeping East L.A. isolated can be seen as furthering a ghetto mentality, it has also nurtured and kept alive Hispanic tradition among the second- and third-generation Chicanos. Artist

John Valadez tries to present the "so-called subcultures—the other Americans, and how they look at the world and think the world looks at them."

"Within people of a culture who don't abandon their culture, there is a conflict. Half the population is trying to assimilate, the other half is totally reacting against what's been presented to strive for. Some people don't even learn English 'cause they have a mental block. It's different for someone dark to relate to what is given us to strive for: driving down the coast with your hair blowing."

The Chicanos of East L.A. have rejected the downwardly-mobile stereotypes of America and created a counterculture that reflects **their** reality. It is a culture that is only beginning to emerge from the invisible walls of racism and classism that surround the barrio. **Bienvenidos, ELA; we like what we see.**

Cesar Rosas of Los Lobos, East L.A.'s most famous musical export



Pat Serrato, 18, comes to Elysian Park on Sunday afternoons "to kill time, and meet stuck-up guys."



David Alridge is one of 60 members of the "Royal Image" car club. He sports the "cholo" look, and although some claim car clubs are for older ex-gang members, he says it's "just a hobby."

Robert Gil De Montes, 34, painter/sculptor
 "Look at the success of Latin artists. It's not something we expected to happen, it's something we worked for. I got educated, I did my homework. I don't have the consideration that I'm a minority, I'm not. That's the first thing that we have to start changing. I teach a lot of students, and it hurts me that they have a feeling of cultural inferiority. That's a shame. But there's a strong intimidation from the predominant class. When you look at history, then we are the slaves."



"Corrido de Boyle Heights" by the East Los Streetscapers (David Botello, Wayne Healy and George Yepes) was commissioned by Payless Shoes in the Boyle Heights district of East Los Angeles. The mural focuses on a Chicano bride and groom, but also incorporates shoes as a theme, which are tied onto the newlyweds' car. Dollar bills stuck onto the groom's back and bride's veil are another part of traditional Mexican weddings.

Graciela Hernandez, high school student, 17, with her brother Gregory, 23, designer, and their mother. Graciela: "I was pressured into (joining a gang). I would run around with them, but I wouldn't always do what they did. I did what I thought was right. I think the girls are more violent (than the boys) because girls get upset for any little reason. They'll fight with guys, with girls, with anybody. Guys won't fight with a girl unless it's necessary."

Gregory: "There aren't many Latin punks. The Latinos have these bad feelings about white people, and punk is a white thing. It's like a lot of people in East L.A. are into the music, but they're afraid to get out (to Hollywood). They feel secure with all their friends. They like to stay in the same area."



Chas de Bojorquez, 36, in front of his calligraphic graffiti. "I am destroying public property, I am not destroying private property. I make sure my stuff is on the freeways, public domain. The West Coast is a car society, so millions of people drive by it every day. I'm trying to expose myself in a public way, not in the back streets or the alleys, I want it out there as an artwork style. But when people complain that I'm defacing public property, they're absolutely right. It is a violent-looking language, but most people react to it because they can't understand it. I'm trying to make a statement because it is a social language, the street wall is its format. And when people write over it that means we have communication going. I like it when people react."

Chicano artists who became politically active during the '60s drew on Mexico's muralist traditions to express their politics. "We Are Not A Minority" in the Estrada Courts is an example of art emerging from politics. David Botello of East Los Streetscapers comments, "I was never a Chicano until the late '60s. I marched in the moratorium when they killed Rubin Salazar. We were already getting together in the community, teaching gang youths how not to be gangs, and the younger people how not to grow up into (them)."



Happy Birthday To Us!



Yes, it's that time of year again—time to celebrate another year of publishing the world's most exciting magazine. It's HIGH TIMES' 11th anniversary, and one of our many admirers sent this gorgeous messenger to our offices with a surprise birthday package. To check out the contents of this potent fantasy sampler, just turn the page.

Photos by Steve Cooper



Happy 11th
Anniversary



Hints for Holland's Herb

by Ed Rosenthal

THIS MONTH I AM answering questions I was asked on my recent trip to Holland. The country gets only about 70 days of bright sunshine a year. Otherwise, it is overcast or raining. Much of the land is reclaimed from the sea, being below sea level (the pumps never stop), and is drained through a series of canals. The groundwater level is regulated using the drainage system. Hydroponics and greenhouse horticulture are well-advanced in the Netherlands. Cut flowers, plants and bulbs are major exports there and commercial greenhouses can be seen all over the outlying area of Amsterdam. The small land sits at the 52nd parallel, which is close to the northern border of the United States in the west, and has very long days in summer and very short days in winter. In addition, the light intensity drops very rapidly in the early fall, so that plants often do not receive the light-energy they require in order to grow dense, compact buds.

What kind of plants should we grow outside and also in naturally-lit greenhouses?

The long days of summer, which fade to 12 hours of light by September 21, the first day of autumn, present a unique set of conditions which equatorial cannabis varieties cannot adjust to fully. The closer a spot is to the equator, the less seasonal variance it experiences regarding both intensity and number of hours of daylight.

Plants at the equator get 12 hours of light a day all year round. At the 15th parallel on June 21, the longest day of the year, daylight is only

about 14 hours. Plants from these areas will not trigger to flower until they get more than 12 hours of uninterrupted darkness. Naturally, these plants are unacceptable under natural light conditions at high latitudes.

Most cannabis used for intoxicating qualities traditionally comes from no higher than the 30th parallel, which includes most of the hash-growing countries. Some varieties from these areas come in early. For instance, in Morocco, the harvest is usually completed in early September. Lebanon, Afghanistan, Kashmir, Nepal and the various North Indian states also grow early-maturing varieties. A few Southern African varieties mature very early and may be suitable for cultivating outdoors.

However, even these early maturing varieties mature later at higher latitudes than at lower ones because they do not receive the number of hours of uninterrupted darkness required to trigger them to flower

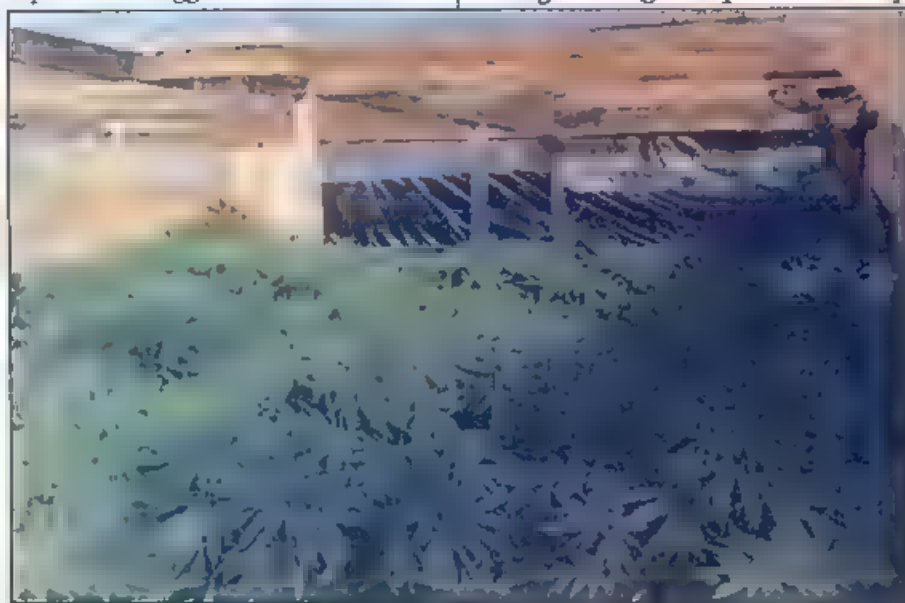
until later in the season.

At higher latitudes the plants grow very rapidly during the long days of early summer, even in Holland with its overcast skies. If the plants can be shaded daily so that they receive only 12 hours of light (less for equatorial varieties) they will mature in September, when there are still relatively high light-intensity levels.

The real solution is to develop acclimatized varieties that are triggered to flower at eight to 10 hours of uninterrupted darkness.

What can we do about the low-light levels we have here?

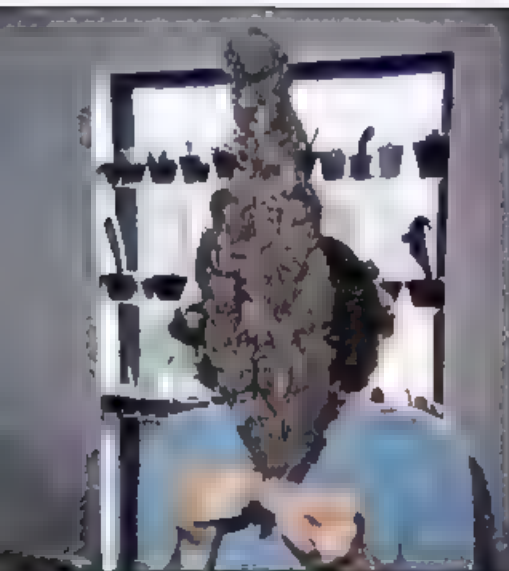
The light can be supplemented using innovative designs or artificial lighting. During low-light days, the plants can use 1000 watts of very high output (VHO) fluorescents or metal halide lights per eight square meters (100 square feet) applied during the brightest part of the day.



● Garden of the Month

It's true that the flowers bloom all year long in San Francisco, but we found that it helps to build a greenhouse for keeping the sun in and the fog out
—Sunset Growers Asso
San Francisco, Calif

Ed journeys to the land of tulips and gives his expert advice to Dutch growers.



● *Bud of the Month*

Usually, no more than five hours of supplemental light per day is required. This can be done indoors or out using metal halide or sodium vapor lamps. Used street lamps make ideal outdoor fixtures.

In the greenhouse, the lights can be placed on a track so that they move, spreading the light more evenly. The north wall of the greenhouse should be covered with reflective materials so that any light which hits it is directed back to the growing area. Reflectors can also be placed on the north side of the roof, so that light which would miss the greenhouse is diverted inside.

What can we do to speed up the growth of the plants?

More lighting, of course, is the answer. However, there are other factors that affect the plant's growth. On bright days, the soil temperature can be raised to the low 20s (in the 70s, Fahrenheit). This increases the plant's rate of metabolism. Warming the soil is not recommended under low-light conditions because the plant stem elongates.

A small-voltage, small-ampereage direct current applied to the planting medium during daylight hours may increase growth under low-light conditions. (For more information on this see the Jan.-Feb. 1984 issue of *Mother Earth News*.)

In several articles we have ex-

plained the value of CO₂ in the grow room. While CO₂ enrichment is more effective under high-light conditions, it may be of help in the greenhouse.

I had the soil in my greenhouse tested, and the service reported that it contained unacceptably high levels of dissolved salts and also lots of sulphur. How did this stuff get there, and what can I do about it?

The water table is regulated in Holland using pumps and dams and is usually kept at about a half meter (18 inches) below ground level. Any fertilizers added to the soil tend to stay right where they are rather than draining as they would with a lower ground-water level. As the fertilizer is added, crop after crop, the salt level builds up. Another factor affecting the soil is dairy herds. The soil often suffers from manure contamination. Such high levels of manure are dropped in the fields that the nitrogen and other salts build up to high levels. The cows are also fed salt and this is evacuated in the urine, which increases the sodium chloride levels in the soil.

The sulphur probably is the result of repeated use of fungicides which often contain this material.

Commercial growers in your area sometimes have the soil leached. First, large holes are dug in the ground and then the soil is flooded with uncontaminated water. The water fills the holes and is pumped out. The dissolved salts are removed with the water. This is a costly process. Instead, you could try growing in units above the ground level. Either standard containers or hydroponic units work well.

It's always humid here, and the buds are always getting moldy on our plants. What can be done to prevent this?

Outdoors, there is not much that can be done. Indoors, the room temperature can be raised to the high 20s (80s Fahrenheit). This prevents fungi, which generally like lower temperatures, from growing. Dry heat also lowers the relative humidity, and fungi do not do well in dry areas. Fungi also seem to grow better when the air is still. Moving the air around with a fan may slow the mold's growth. Finally,

molds tend to grow under low-light conditions. Increasing the intensity of the light should help.

I am growing a plant in my window. It's three years old, and fills the whole window, but hasn't flowered. What's wrong with it?

Nothing. The plant is probably a female. A male would have flowered by now. For the plant to flower, it needs a 12-hour daily period of uninterrupted darkness. Even turning on the light for a second means the count has to start again. Apparently you use the room at night and turn on the lights.

My greenhouse is only three meters (10 feet) high. In July, the plants are so tall I have to cut them back. What can I do to prevent this?

Start the plants later. That way they have less time to grow. They will flower at almost the same time as if they were started earlier.

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● *Plant of the Month*

POT PARADISE

Amsterdam's coffeehouses, reports Ed Rosenthal with Sam Selgnij, serve up a heady brew of herb, hash and high times.

ALMOST EVERYONE has heard that Amsterdam is a "liberated city." But one can't really understand the feeling until it is experienced. There is no paranoia about purchase, possession or consumption of cannabis. One American living in Amsterdam told me that once he was driving in the suburbs and saw a cop, so he put out the joint he was smoking and slashed it. The cop saw him do it and pulled him over. The cop searched the car thoroughly and asked him why he'd put out the joint. The Statesider said that smoking was an illegal act in America and that's what people do in the States—snuff out their smoke when the heat's around. The cop said, "Well, you're in Holland now. And people only do that when they have something to hide. So if you don't have something to hide, don't put out a joint when you see an officer."

To illustrate this lackadaisical but practical attitude toward pot, over two hundred cafés in Amsterdam sell cannabis and each has found its niche and clientele. Some of the coffeehouses cater primarily to young tourists, others to gays, working people, the local residents. There are two directories to Amsterdam's coffeehouses, the *Golden Blow Book* and the *Mellow Pages*. The latter book is the better guide, but even that lists only 40 coffeehouses.

THE DEALERS ARE USUALLY not directly affiliated with the coffeehouses, but are instead independent contractors who pay a percentage of their gross or straight rent to the management.

Each dealer has a selection of 10 to 15 types of pot and hash ranging in price from about 70 cents to \$4 a gram. The pot covers a range of quality. Sam spotted Colombian, Mexican, Kerala (Indian), Angolan, Congolese, Indonesian and Thai weed when he visited a few months ago. I also came across several



● *The Bulldog caters to an international clientele with potent pot like the typical sample pack (right) displayed by a coffeehouse dealer. Het Ballonnetje (facing page) sells grass and hash.*



● *This Dutch-grown dope was the best.*

grades of domestic [Dutch] sinsemilla, Nigerian and central African, Manali [Indian], Turkish Nepalese, Kashmiri finger and twist Pakistani, Moroccan and Lebanese hash

Sam's favorite shops are the Bluebird and the Grasshopper, which he says have a pleasant ambience. The Rusland, one of the oldest pot-shops around, has the best dope. The Siberian coffeehouse was started by ex-employees of the Rusland after the shop changed management. It's located at Bronwersgracht 11, near the Central Station, and appeals to a young crowd. The Prix d'Ami can be found at Reguliersdwarsstraat 29.

The big youth clubs, which were so important to the culture in the '70s, have lost much of their vigor. The Kosmos has a nice sauna and health food store and has a spiritual aura to it, but has only a part-time dealer. When we were there, he had several varieties of high-quality Dutch sinse. The Melkeweg [pronounced "Milky Way"], which used to be the avant-garde cultural center, has been taken over by a rather culturally conservative group. We couldn't believe that the dealers there did not smoke and had no sinsemilla in stock. The whole place looked dusty. Club Paradiso, on the other hand, has become a new-wave concert hall, and has a good dealer.

Of course, not all the dealing happens at the clubs and coffeehouses. While street deals are invitations to rip-offs or fraud, there is a network of dealers similar to what's found in the States. The best pot I found was for sale from a friend of a friend.

WHILE THE EXPERIENCE of liberated pot is worth the trip itself, Amsterdam has much more to offer. There is the Rijksmuseum, which houses Rembrandt's sketches and its branch, the Rijksmuseum Vincent Van Gogh, which holds most of that master's impressionistic paintings. The city is clean and pretty and filled with flowers in the summer. The Heineken brewery gives tours. Most important of all, there is a friendly conviviality among visitors and residents of the city.

When I visited Amsterdam four years ago, I found it very expensive. At that time the dollar was at its nadir. Now it has reached new highs, so that Dutch prices seem quite reasonable.

To order the best directory to Amsterdam coffeehouses, send an International Postal Money Order for \$4.00 to *Mellow Pages*, P.O. Box 514-1000 AM Amsterdam, The Netherlands.



Photos © 1985 Ed Rosenthal.

Over two hundred
cafés in Amsterdam
sell high-quality cannabis.

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DOPELAND RAIDERS

CAMP's paramilitary pot patrol is running amok in the wilds of northern California



by Dean Latimer

On the morning of August 16, 1984, on a perpendicular hillside near Rancho Sequoia in Humboldt County, northern California, Charles Keys looked up from his meditations in his open-front outhouse and found himself eye-to-eye with a madcap chopper jockey in an *Apocalypse Now*-type helicopter, hanging in the air off his hillside barely 100 feet away. The copter jock was grinning at Keys through the windshield. "I didn't move"—who *would* have?—"so he moved right above me. He blew the toilet paper away from me, and Arthur [Keys' five-year-old son] had to retrieve it for me." As soon as he got his belt buckled up, Keys took Arthur and lit out for the solitude of the deep woods for a few hours.

THE CHOPPER-SPOOKING of Charles Keys from his own all-American outhouse is only one of over 70 sworn accounts from victims and witnesses of paramilitary narc-cop overkill recorded during last summer's Campaign Against Marijuana Planting—a federal-state-local "marijuana eradication" project that filled northern California for three months with roadblocks, warrantless searches and unexplained property seizures, and flocks of marauding helicopters. The point of this CAMP action was to fill the hearts and minds of the honest local folks around Garberville with a healthy terror of further such activity, from July to November every year, for as long as there are people who grow marijuana in the neighborhood. The 74 sworn declarations which the local folks turned over to local attorneys working with NORML last October was sufficient to win a federal judge's injunction against further such overkill (see sidebar). So HIGH TIMES saved this story until the advent of the 1985 CAMP marijuana-bashing season, trusting that the narcs will follow the law this summer, and not do what they did last year, and the year before that.

Keys' real-life nightmare did not end with the chopper attack. When he got back to his cabin, the place had been thoroughly tossed, and his .22 deer rifle had been stolen. When he called the Humboldt sheriff's office to report the theft, first they threatened him—"I was

told by a CAMP representative that if I tried to get my rifle back I would be charged with cultivation of marijuana"—and then they passed the buck. They told him to report the theft to the federal Bureau of Alcohol, Firearms and Tobacco down in San Francisco. Charles Keys did 17 months of combat in 'Nam himself some while back: "I have earned my constitutional right to keep and bear arms," he tells the NORML attorneys. He is not a rich man, he deposes; and deer rifles don't grow out of the ground, even in Humboldt County.

□

"If you walk any further, you'll be arrested!" the brunette woman in crisp olive-drab combat fatigues promised Robin Rabens on August 6, 1984, as Robin approached the cluster of paramilitary-type persons who were burning a small haystack of marijuana on Black Sands Beach. Robin gestured helplessly behind her at the two vans full of squirmy little kids, who'd been carted in all the way from Alderpoint, two-and-a-half hours' journey back over mountain roads, to enjoy a couple of days at the beach under the auspices of the Humboldt County Recreation Program. It was a beautiful Pacific morning in early August, the kids were cramped and getting cranky, and Robin begged politely to know how the one public beach on that stretch of the coast had come to be chained off "No Entry"—for a pot burn.

"You'll have to go somewhere else,"

CAMP choppers attack incognito: their registration numbers are masked.

snapped the woman cop in the featureless combat outfit. "Don't you read the newspapers or watch television?" she asked sarcastically.

This, then, may be an item of CAMP policy and procedure. Maybe they reason that persons living in a "cannabis eradication zone" rightfully ought to know and accept that their ordinary freedom of movement can be obstructed at any time, by persons wearing military-style combat outfits and bearing arms, for as long as the eradication operation's busts and pot burns are celebrated daily by the local media's toadying press hacks. Unfortunately, Robin Rabens had been very busy all summer long with more important matters than pot, publicizing the county's free facilities for schoolkid summer recreation, like this two-day overnight to Black Sands Beach.

So Robin regretfully retreated from this knot of combat-booted troops guarding their pile of singed green sinsemilla on the beach, and went back up to the two resentful vanloads of children parked on Humboldt Loop Road. She told the two mothers driving the vans to take them down the track to the Shelter Cove Boat Harbor—there are restrooms there—and she'd be along, as soon as the final vanload of kids showed up.

While she was waiting for the next batch of kids to show up so that she could disappoint them, Robin beheld an unmarked car pull up near the burn site, carrying a few men in civilian outfits: supervisors of this cannabis-eradication project, presumably. She went over and told one of them who she was and what she was up to, and inquired when she might be able to let her kids play on this public beach. "You can't," he said simply. Well then, why hadn't she been warned about this, seeing that the County's weekend campout had been publicized for weeks in newspapers and on television? Why hadn't CAMP warned anyone they were going to be using the public beaches for pot burns? "We can't publicize this," the cop shot back, and that was that.

Finally, after much squirming, cramped, I-gotta-go-to-the-bathroom hassle, the kids were put up in a litter-strewn, crowded tourist camping site, which charged a dollar per kid per day—said sum to be paid from Rabens' entire annual county recreation budget of \$300. "They're being assholes," the kids were saying loudly about the cops who had screwed them out of a decent weekend.

"I do not believe," Robin Rabens writes in her affidavit for the NORML attorneys, "this is the way our 6-to-15-year-

old population should view officials sworn to protect the public."

□

ON THE DAY AFTER THIS, ON AUGUST 7, 1984, five helicopters came and squatted in formation over the house of Coleen Howard up in the hills near Briceville. They made a lot of scary noise and went away. They came back couple of days later. And a couple of days after that. They were back this year, she realized, doing the same thing they'd done all the previous autumn: buzzing her house, letting her know she was under surveillance, and physically *feel* it. Just like everyone else who lives 'way out in the Humboldt woods, where pot might be grown. "I feel quite nervous when they're in the air," she finally confessed to the NORML lawyers this year. Coleen Howard has a mortifying tendency to break out into psoriasis when she's subjected to ugly stress like this, which is one salient reason why she prefers to live out in the woods all alone, away from stressful stimuli in general. But for two years running now, these CAMP helicopters have come in and spread

painful boils all over her.

□

IN REDWAY AT NOON ON AUGUST 12 AT 11.45 A.M., Alan Zins was standing out in front of his Mountain Message-Answering Service on Redway's single street when a cute little patriotic red-and-blue helicopter buzzed the whole town end to end at 250 feet. As a former air-traffic controller, Zins knew this to be a highly dangerous and illegal activity under FAA statutes, so he looked for the "N" registration number on the bird's underbelly, meaning to tell the FAA about it. Lo and behold, though, all the underbelly numbers had been taped over, except for the big white "N"—an incognito bully copter.

When Zins sought to report this unidentified barnstorming object to the FAA office in McKinleyville, he was told that since it was undoubtedly just another CAMP frolic, the FAA couldn't even officially record the complaint. Orders from the White House, no less. The FAA gave Zins an 800 number in Sacramento, and so he wound up talking to Commander Jack Beecham himself, the Cal-

ifornia state cop running CAMP Beecham couldn't see anything for an honest, nonmarijuana person to get so excited about, not even the masking of the copter's ID number. "He suggested," Zins deposes, "that the owner of the helicopter may have done that on his own to prevent sabotage."

Right. These seven CAMP 1984 cop-
ters were not government property. They were leased from private contractors, and the pilots were civilian commercial aviators. Real daredevils, too, authentic ultra-macho *Apocalypse Now* dudes. A thrilled-to-pieces *Los Angeles Times* scribe who was privileged that week to ride along with one of these junior birdmen on a "search and destroy" mission—that's what they called it—related how his pilot piped Willie Nelson into his own head through the earphones all day, while he coolly executed his death-defying aerobatics over the perpendicular Humboldt hillsides.

□

ON A RIDGE RUNNING ALONG THE RANCHO Sequoia road dwells Marilyn Beckwith / continued on page 72

Judge to CAMP: Obey the Law

"The defendants have not effectively responded to these allegations," noted Federal District Judge Robert Aguilar, for the Northern District of California, after he enjoined the CAMP program from any further such horrors in the 1985 growing season. "They did not file or offer to file any counter-declarations from the CAMP agents involved in the incidents alleged, call any of these agents as witnesses at the preliminary injunction hearing, or produce copies of warrants." The federal government and the State of California were the defendants here, and they effectively pled guilty (or at least, like Spiro Agnew, *nolo contendere*) to every horror story recounted in these plaintiffs' declarations.

This federal-state-local police action violated the Constitution by policy, Judge Aguilar confirmed in his written decision, unsealed February 20, 1985: "To base probable cause for a search of a neighbor's home or curtilage on the mere fact that a marijuana garden might be

visible from that property is to render meaningless the Fourth Amendment... The policy, no matter how well intended, gives CAMP personnel virtually unbridled discretion to enter and search private property and detain innocent citizens without probable cause or even reasonable suspicion of any criminal activity... This CAMP policy would seem to epitomize the very practices that the Fourth Amendment was designed to prevent."

The helicopter bullying was plain sadism. "This prying is not limited to an occasional, casual peek during an overflight to a raid site, but is accomplished through sustained and repeated buzzings, hoverings, and dive bombings that at best disturb, and at worst terrorize, the hapless residents below... These and other declarations suggest the inherently coercive effect of low-hovering helicopters and the sense of helplessness and terror that they can instill in law-abiding citizens."

Therefore, ruled the judge,

the CAMP program must be formally enjoined from undertaking any such program in the 1985 season. And the judge went further and ruled that every narc—state, local and federal—who participated in the 1984 CAMP frolics, and their hired civilian helicopter pilots and contractors, can potentially be sued personally, for damages to be taken out of their personal pocket, by the NORML plaintiffs.

[Remarked Kevin Zeese of Washington NORML (see page 19) after he heard about this: "When the DEA goes looking for private chopper jockies again this year, they can just go whistle!"]

This premeditated bullying of innocent people out in the woods serves no legitimate end at all, the judge noted: "Indeed, there is no evidence before the court that CAMP's warrantless searches and seizures have resulted in any arrests, seizures of marijuana crops, or elimination of real danger to CAMP personnel."

HIGH TIMES VINTAGE COLLECTION III



90. Feb. '83



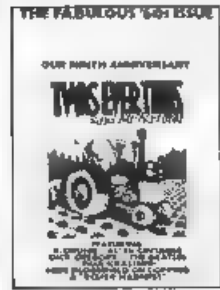
91. Mar. '83



92. Apr. '83



93. May '83



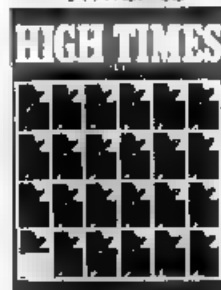
94. June '83



95. July '83



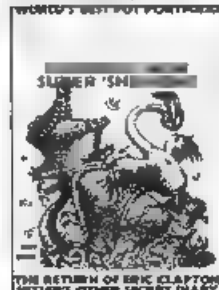
96. Aug. '83



97. Sept. '83



98. Oct. '83



99. Nov. '83



100. Dec. '83



101. Jan. '84



102. Feb. '84



103. Mar. '84



104. Apr. '84



105. May '84



106. June '84



107. July '84



108. Aug. '84



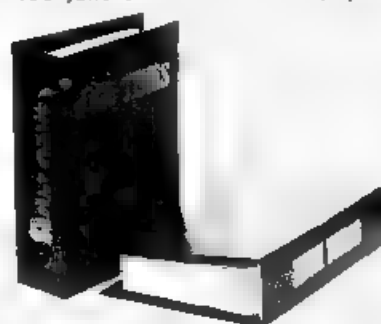
109. Sept. '84



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111. Nov. '84



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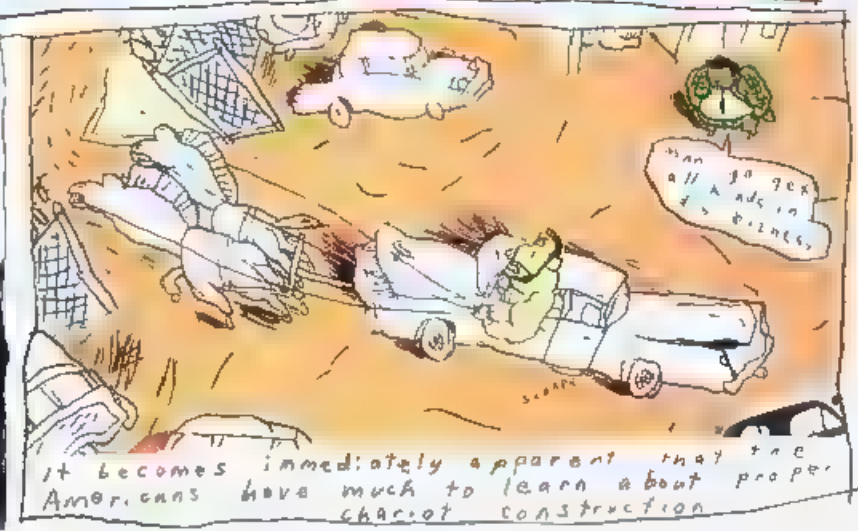
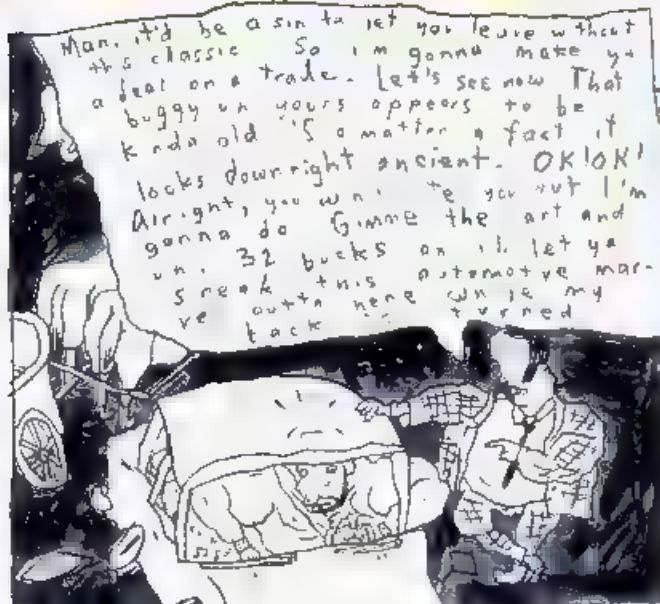
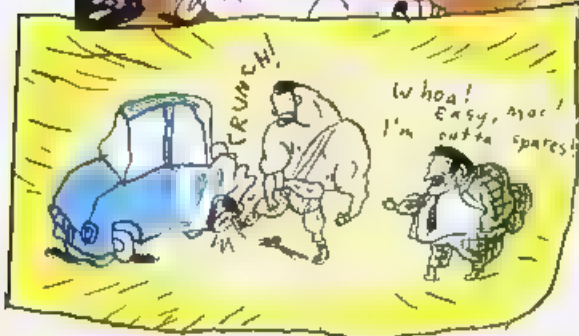
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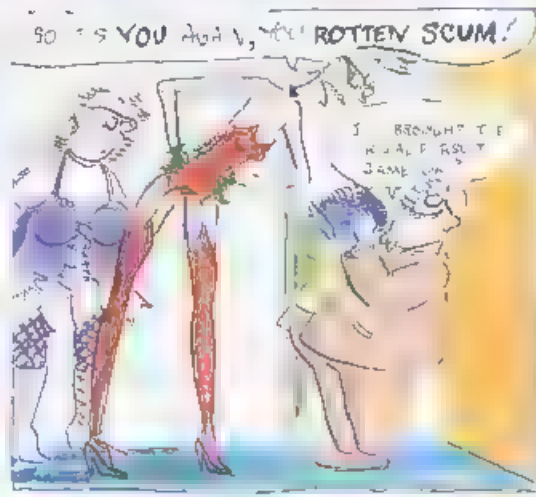
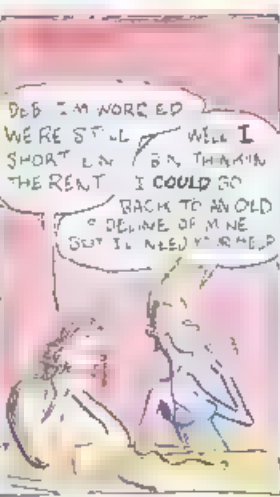
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FUNNY PAPERS

THE TRIBULATIONS OF HERCULES | A MONGST THE NORTH AMERICANS

by Mark Mark





ROACHES ARE HUMAN TOO

BY ROCHO ROACHE

WE MAKE BETTER PETS THAN DOGS

I'M GLAD I DON'T HAVE TO WALK MY ROACHES

YES!!! ROACHES ARE NOT AS TERRIBLE AS YOU THINK...

WE HELP HUMANS ELIMINATE CHEMICALS THAT CAN BE HAZARDOUS TO THEIR HEALTH.

TODAY WE HAVE BCR1 A.D. IN RAMP JAWE

WE ENTERTAIN THEM... OH HOW SWEET!! THE LITTLE CREATURE IS UNDER THE BED

WE HELP HUMANS GET RID OF THEIR LEFTOVERS...

WHERE THE HECK IS THE TURKEY?

WE GIVE HUMANS ANOTHER NICE EXCUSE TO COMPLAIN...

HAVE I TOLD YOU THAT I HATE ROACHES

YEA ME TOO

AND WE ALSO GIVE JOBS TO STARVING CARTOONISTS

DON' MOVE ROACH

WE ARE ONE SPECIES WHICH HUMANS WILL NEVER HAVE TO FEEL GUILTY ABOUT MAKING EXTINCT

HUMANS CAN KILL ROACHES AS FAST AS WE REPRODUCE

THAT'S WHY, WITH ONE DOLLAR A YEAR YOU CAN SAVE A WHOLE FAMILY OF ROACHES FROM STARVATION, AND YOU WILL RECEIVE A FREE PORTRAIT TOO.

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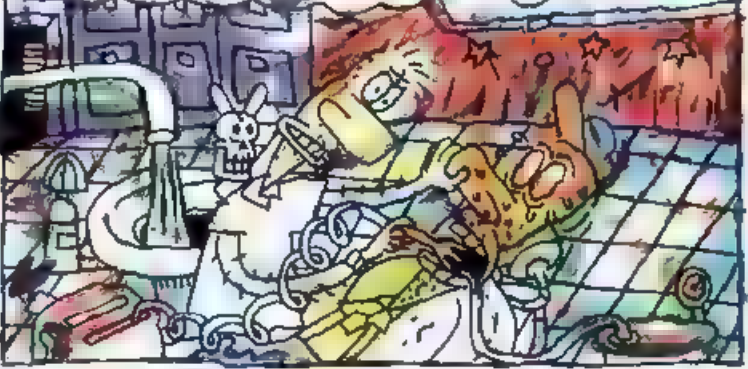
I ♥ R

* This comic strip does not necessarily reflect the editorial views of the magazine.

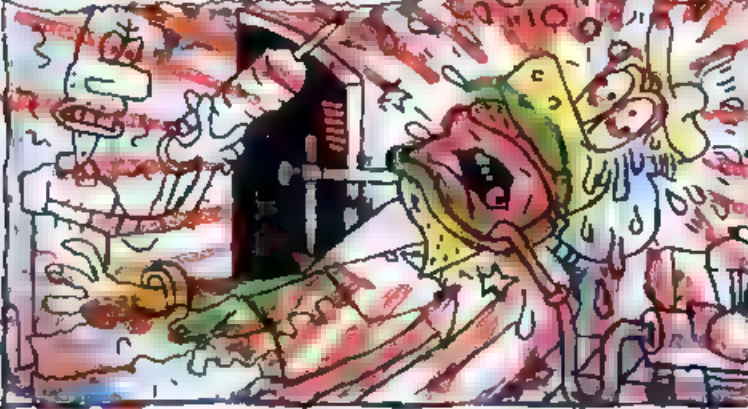
I WISH HE'D GIVE ME SOME LAUGHING GAS. NO, THAT'S ALRIGHT, I CAN DO IT. PAIN IS A MEASURE OF BEING.



BACK IN THE OLD DAYS THEY SAWED LEGS OFF WITH RUSTY HACKSAWS & NO KNOCK-OUT DROPS. I SHOULD BE THANKFUL... BEK, MY TONGUE'S GROWING. THE TOASTER ON MY LAP IS HOT.



HELP! THERE'S A TRANSFORMER IN MY MOUTH! MY NECK CAN'T STRETCH ANYMORE! DID I PEE OR SWEAT? MY THOUGHTS ARE SO LOUD!!!



THE BIG CHAIR IS SO COMFORTABLE! HAH... THAT SLIGHT SALINE BREEZE, MAY HE'LL TRIP AND HIT HIS HEAD ON A SHARP ENAMEL COUNTER. ???



WASHINGTON D.C. COMIC

©1985 T. F. ACHTMAN

YOU KNOW VERY SOON OUR DEPARTMENT WILL HAVE A DIRECT MULTI-MEDIA COMPUTERIZED LINK-UP TO THE PUBLIC

UNADULTERATED DISINFORMATION AND WE STILL HAVEN'T FOUND A REPLACEMENT FOR HAROLD FINKLEY.



WITHOUT HIS KIND OF THINKING THIS WHOLE PROGRAM COULD BE A WASTE. WE HAVE TO FIND ANOTHER FINKLEY FAST.



IT WON'T BE EASY FINKLEY WAS A UNIQUE MAN HIS WILDEST FANTASIES SOUNDED PLAUSIBLE.

A FANTASTIC IMAGINATION. HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN A HEADLINE WRITER FOR THE NEW YORK POST OR A RAVING PSYCHOTIC.



DAMN! VANDALS BUSTED THE PHONE

FORGET THE LIMO. I'LL HAIL A CAB.



HEY, I BET YOU GUYS WORK FOR THE GUBBMENT. I GET A LOT OF YOU GUYS IN MY CAB. YOU'D BE SURPRISED HOW MUCH SECRET STUFF I LEARN BY JUST KEEPING MY EARS OPEN.

SURPRISE US



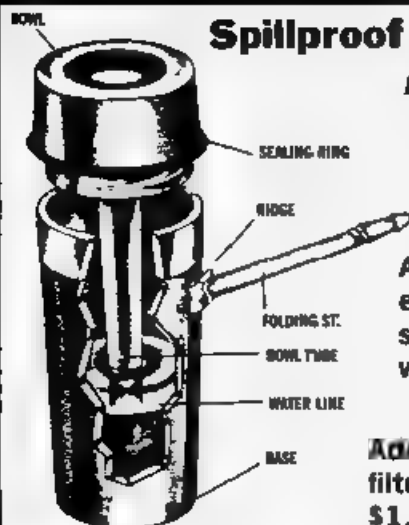
YEAH, LIKE BRIAN EPSTEIN HIRED LEE HARVEY OSWALD TO CREATE THE PROPER EMOTIONAL CLIMATE IN AMERICA FOR A BEATLES INVASION



I HAD PHOTOS OF BRIAN AND LEE HARVEY...UH TOGETHER. LARRY FLYNT WAS GONNA PUBLISH 'EM AND SEND ME A CHECK BUT HE GOT SHOT. I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM HIM SINCE ISN'T AT WILD?



NEXT ISSUE: 'THE NEW FINKLEY?'



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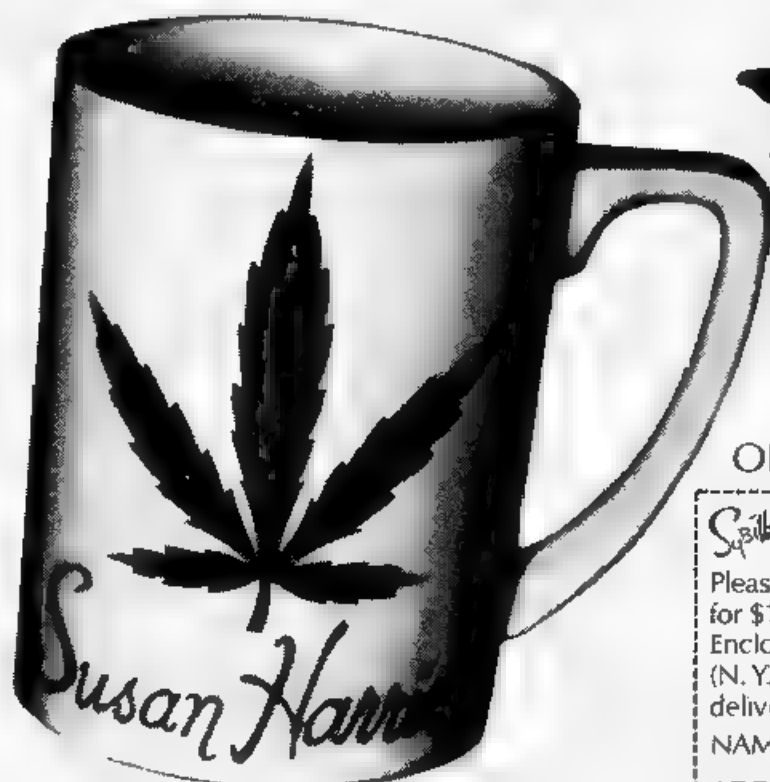
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9 OZ CAPACITY

GREEN LEAF MOTIF

Herzog / continued from page 36

windswept desert *Heart of Glass* (1976) ends with four men setting out from a rocky island in a tiny boat into a roaring sea surrounded by gulls. And the ravaged aboriginal land in *Green Ants* is an unforgettable sight, as are the Sahara dunes in *Fata Morgana* that resemble human forms.

"Landscape is quite an important element in almost all of my films," elucidates Herzog. "Many of my films, including *Aguirre*, have started actually with a landscape and then a story somehow intruded into this locale. But I take landscape more seriously than many other people in filmmaking. It's sometimes almost like a central character, and it can be stage-directed. The river in *Aguirre* is like a central character in the film, or the jungle is like a central character."

Often the first shot of a Herzog film is a breathtaking landscape which immediately transports the viewer to another time and place. And that these locales are often shrouded in mist makes them dreamlike. *Kaspar Hauser* begins with a misty wind blowing waves in a field of grain. *Heart of Glass* begins with a man, head in hands, sitting on a hill as a thick fog rolls over the forest below. *Fitzcarraldo* begins with the mist-filled jungle. And the stunning opening sequence of *Aguirre* features a long train of uniformed conquistadors wending their way down a mountain wall along the banks of the Amazon River.

BUT, AGAIN, HERZOG is without explanation. He does not know why so many of his pictures begin with fog-drenched landscapes. Instead, he makes a claim that he uses so often it must be believed. "I would say that I follow my instincts, basically," he states. "I don't rationalize. I don't put things together like an architect. And then inexplicably sometimes the fruits fall into my lap and I don't know how I deserve it. Like the courtroom scene in *Green Ants* with the mute. How the man comes in, just his kind of look, how he keeps staring at the judge and walks and walks and walks and walks. If you say it in words, it's nothing. And if you see it on film, you never forget that image in your life, I think.

"I know what I'm doing. I mean, I'm a craftsman and I'm planning things as well. But how does such a thing like that fall into my lap, I have no idea. Sometimes I know that there is a blessing on me." □

Ask Ed

/ continued from page 53

My plants always grow well, but even my indicas don't have big, tight buds. How can I get them to grow like the pictures I see in HIGH TIMES?

Aside from variety, the size and compactness of the bud is primarily a factor of light-intensity. Increasing the light-intensity will increase bud size.

Back to the States:

Dear Ed,

I have been growing for about 5 years and I do very good. My problem is seeds. I live in the Midwest and all we ever get is bottom-of-the-boat Colombian. Most people around here have never even heard of indica. I was wondering if there is any way I can legally buy pot seeds in the U.S.?

—WMT

Granite City, IL

No. All parts of the marijuana plant are illegal to possess according to federal law and most state laws. This includes the seeds. There is no way to legally import them or have them shipped into the U.S. Anyone who imports the seeds or causes them to be imported risks the wrath of the U.S. Customs Agency.

Dear Ed,

When growing outdoors, would it be possible to inoculate the marijuana seeds with a nitrogen-fixing bacteria such as the ones used for peas and beans? Would it promote growth and yield?

—D.J.

North Coast of America

No. Those bacteria form a symbiotic relationship only with roots of legumes. The bacteria do not "take" to other plant roots.

Dear Ed,

Having grown in Oregon, California, Hawaii and Alaska, I've found a sure-fire way to discourage deer and rabbits. Buy some predator urine from a trapping supply outlet. They sell lynx or other cat, wolf and coyote scents. You will be able to scare the do-do out of those pesky creatures

By spraying around the perimeter of your plot you'll keep them out without noticeable man-made devices. Once you notice signs of predators, leave an occasional gift of meat to keep them around. By spraying once every three to four weeks, the deer and rodent problem should be controlled. Spraying the center of trails, and the bases of trees, and saturating low-lying brush should be enough.

—On the Edge

Anchortown, Alaska

Thanks for the tip, Edge.

Dear Ed,

Does it matter which side of the mountain you plant on? Not everyone has a nice, easily accessible field—people here grow "squaw patches" on the hillsides. One side of the hill receives mostly morning sun and is cooler—on the other side the afternoon sun is hotter for a longer time. I know that certain plants are sensitive to light at certain times. Deciduous trees, for example, transpire mainly in the morning and early afternoon. By three or four PM they've pretty much knocked off photosynthesis for the day. Is marijuana more active in the morning or afternoon—or does it really matter?

—Nick Ranger

Webster Springs, W Va.

I don't know whether marijuana's metabolic rate changes with the time of the day. Perhaps some of our readers can help with the answer.

Based on the conditions of the mountain, the plants would probably do better on the side which receives the afternoon sun. It is warmer when the plants receive the light, so that their metabolic rate is higher than in the morning when it is cooler.

I welcome tips, comments and questions about marijuana and marijuana cultivation. Also, photos for the Bud, Plant and Garden of the Month Contest. Send all correspondence to Ask Ed, HIGH TIMES, 17 W 60th St., New York, NY 10023. If your letter or photo is used, you will receive a copy of my new book, Marijuana Growers Handbook, Indoor/Greenhouse Edition.

By submitting your photograph(s), you hereby grant permission to publisher to reprint photos in HIGH TIMES as well as any other Trans-High Corporation publication.

The HIGH TIMES Bookstore

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by Robert Connell Clarke

Contains the newest data on all phases of cannabis cultivation. How quality is affected by climate, identifying male plants, harvesting, THC production and potency. HTB/46 \$10.95

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by Evelyn Schmevelev

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by David Hoyle

Turn that moldy old bag of ditchweed into some hot-test hashish by simply following the method outlined in this book. Written specifically for the layman, with diagrams. HTB/13 \$5.95

Book of the Month

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by Kayo

Written for the curious as well as the experienced, this technique tells how fewer plants in smaller pots can yield more cannabis of higher quality. The book includes photographs and illustrations. HTB/30 \$12.95

The Mushroom Cultivator

by Paul Stamets

For amateurs and professionals alike, a practical guide to growing mushrooms at home. Excellent illustrations and how to obtain the needed equipment and supplies. Step by step directions for every procedure for growing the mushrooms of your choice. 415 pgs. HTB/37 \$19.95



Cultivator's Handbook of Marijuana

by Bill Drake

The most up-to-date information for the outdoor and indoor marijuana cultivator, with over 100 photographs, drawings, charts, maps and a special section on psychoactive tobacco. HTB/25 \$10.95

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A simple yet complete, written and pictorial description of basic gardening techniques used to grow the largest quantity of dynamite marijuana indoors. HTB/42 \$8.95

The Art and Science of Cooking with Cannabis

by Adam Gottlieb

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by Charles E. Sherman and Hap Brenizer

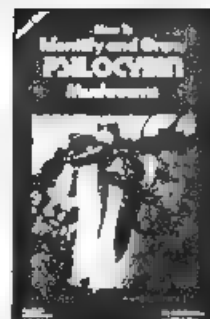
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Advisor

/ continued from page 17

and she became so upset that she began to hyperventilate and she passed out into her mashed potatoes. This actually happened.

The Environmental Protection Agency Task Force is going to start pushing for separate areas in public facilities for smokers and nonsmokers. So all you smokers out there better get ready for some hassles with some angry people who suffer under the delusion that they have shiny red lungs. If you live in a large urban area, the battle is already lost—car exhaust has already blackened your breathing apparatuses.

This brings to mind the fear that human beings have of epidemics and contagious diseases. In many cases, the fear is greater than the disease is widespread. Some day soon perhaps, an enterprising designer may come up with disposable sanitary body-bags that have climate controls, negative ionizers, air conditioners, and filters built into the zippers. These bags can be worn until there's a rip and then thrown away. They should sell well in areas where paranoid people live.

Recently research was conducted to find the place in America where the most fearful people live. The conclusion of the compiled evidence was that Baltimore, Maryland has the largest amount of paranoid people. Doubtlessly, these fabulous sanitary suits would sell quickly in Baltimore (my hometown).

Now HERE's a strange question.
I can't believe it's for real

Dear High Advisor,
Can penis size be enlarged by herbs? If not, what will work? And also, are there any herbs that can relieve tension and anxiety so the body and mind can heal themselves?

—J.S.
Nashville, Tenn.

Herbs can work miracles but this is stretching it a bit... it's just too big a job. Sorry. Go see a urologist. Secondly, there are plenty of herbs for anxiety: valerian, hops, licorice root, peppermint, camomile. Also, one should take bone meal, and B complex vitamins. □



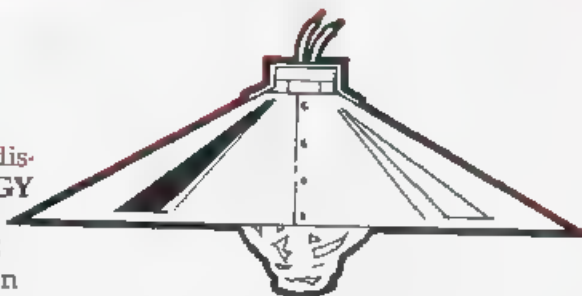
'Shroom Stuff

You can cultivate mushrooms like the *psilocybe cubensis* beauties pictured here. How? Just order a copy of the **MUSHROOM CULTIVATOR** (\$25 from **HOMESTEAD BOOK COMPANY**, P.O. Box 31608, Seattle, WA 98103). The book written by Paul Stamets and J.S. Chilton, is crammed with info on how to raise super shrooms in the privacy of your pad. And when you've studied the book and are ready to try your hand at cultivation, Homestead also offers a Mushroom Kit for \$45 that includes everything you'll need to grow these little beauts.



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Sinse-sational

Those of you who love looking at pictures of pot are bound to go ga-ga over **SINSEMILLA**, the And/Or Press book that is currently being distributed by **PEOPLE'S PUBLISHING** (\$16.95 P.O. Box 16309, Columbus, OH 43216, 1-800-558-6015). *Sinsemilla* is packed with mouth-watering pics of primo sinse, accompanied by a detailed description of the growing process from seed to smoke. The book was written by Jim Richardson and lovingly photographed by Arik Woods. Great work, guys!

Growing Dutch

by Ed Rosenthal

SINCE THE seventeenth century, when the tulip became the rage of Europe, the Dutch have been known for their horticultural know-how. As the weather is cool in the Netherlands, and there is little sun, most of the plant and flower-growing is done under glass. There are large greenhouses all over the country. Traditionally, plants were grown directly in the soil inside the greenhouse. However, this has created a few problems. The groundwater level is about 18 inches below the surface, so there is little chance for nutrient salts to migrate downward. As the salts



Photos © 1985 Wernard.

● (Above) A Dutch version of the ultimate cannabis dream. The plants were of a late-maturing variety, were planted very close together, and gave less weight than you'd think.

(Left) Herbert Curie muses on his pipe dream of a cannabis crop. (Far right) Using Rockwool™, it's easy to set up a hydroponic growing system.

Cultivators in Holland must cope with a short season using outdated techniques

build up, toxic conditions are created. The salts do migrate horizontally though, so much of the groundwater supply is contaminated. To eliminate toxic soil conditions in the greenhouse, growers dig holes in the ground around the perimeter of the area to be leached. Then noncontaminated water is used to water the soil. The water dissolves many of the salts, leaching the soil, and fills the holes around the perimeter. It's pumped out of the holes into tanker trucks.

Many greenhouse users have decided that it is not worth the expense to condition the soil once it has salt problems. Instead, they have a selection of easy-to-install hydroponic methods including reservoir systems, drip emitters, flood systems and some hybrid systems using space-age materials.

Of course, not all pot-growers use a greenhouse. But the trouble with growing outdoors is the short season and the swift change in the light-dark cycles.

TWO THINGS THAT are not problems are rip-offs and police harassment. Although marijuana and its cultivation is technically illegal, it is tolerated by the government. One Dutch pot historian told me a story about Herbert Curie, the well-known Dutch movie director. One summer he was growing about 40 plants. Someone complained and the police came at harvest time. They talked with him about his plants, and then left, saying that they would send city workers back later to take the plants. It appears they expected that the plants would be gone when the workers came for them. Herbert was so unnerved by the visit that he left the plants there. The city workers eventually came. Then Kees Hoekert, a marijuana legalization activist, called the police and identified himself as the plants' owner and asked for a summons. He's still waiting.

SINCE AMSTERDAM is an international city, there is access to seeds from all

over the world. But most marijuana farmers here are five years behind their American counterparts in breeding and scientific cultivation methods. Metal halides geared to growers are not generally available. The two I saw in use here were imported from the States. Indoor growers usually use fluorescent setups.

Virtually all houseplants grown in Holland are planted in easy-to-care-for, self-contained hydroponic pots. These reservoir units are filled with fairly lightweight ceramic beads which pull up water through a wick-like action. Water levels are measured using a float device. These containers are also well-suited to growing marijuana. A hydroponic garden using these containers can be set up quickly and inexpensively.

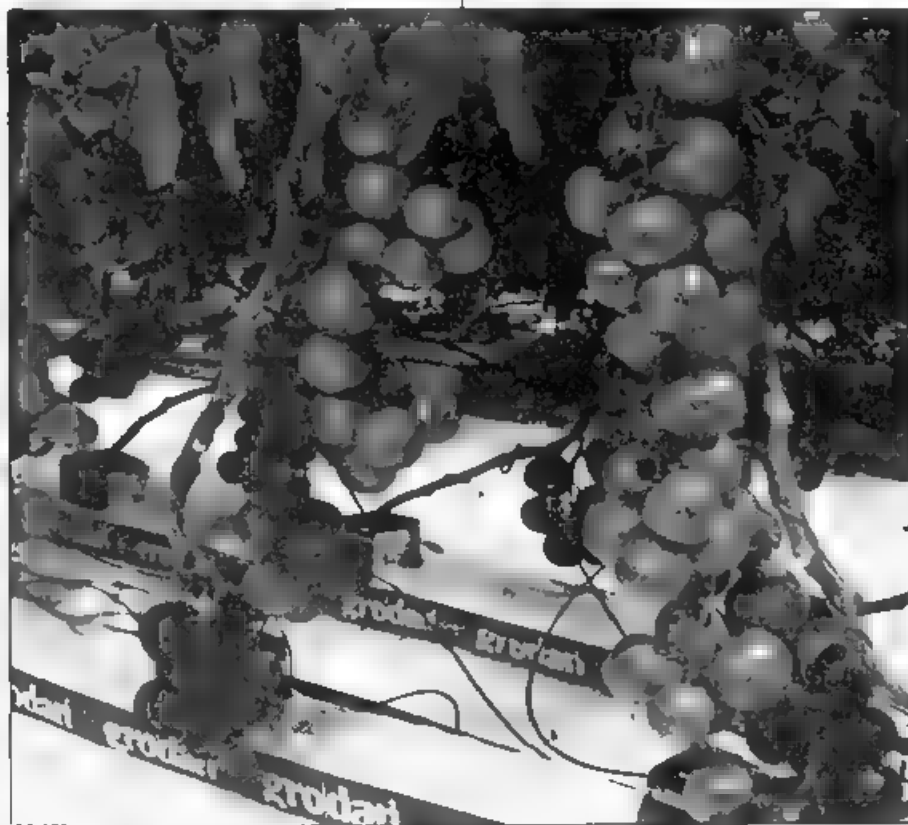
Plant stores usually sell their goods in simple plastic pots, but the plants sit in specially-made tables which hold an inch or two of water. The tables act as a reservoir for the plants. I saw two indoor growing units which used this system.

Another innovative product which

nursery people use is Rockwool™, made from rock which is heated and drawn into a fibrous mass with terrific water and air-holding ability.

It is used both for seedling production and as a general hydroponic medium. The material comes wrapped in plastic to make various-sized "containers" which approximate one, two and four-inch starters. Continuous strips about one foot wide and six inches deep are made for larger plants.

To use Rockwool™, a hole is made in the plastic and the fiber is watered either manually with a drip emitter, or with a water carpet, which is a nylon fiber that is saturated with water. Then the seed or transplant is placed in the fibers. If the transplant was started in Rockwool™, the starting container is just placed on top of the new material and the plant roots grow into it. □



with her son and her seeing-eye dog. The CAMP copters commenced buzzing Mrs. Beckwith's suspiciously-isolated homestead on August 20, and did it every two or three days, several times a day, for over a month. "I am legally blind, and am only able to differentiate light and dark shadows," deposes Mrs. Beckwith. "However, I can say that these aircraft passed closer to me than any other aircraft has in my life." At whatever altitude these law-enforcement officials used to surveil her location, it was close enough to rattle the windows in their panes and the teacups in their saucers.

Early on, "I became so afraid because the helicopter was passing so close to my home that I began to cry, and was forced to flee to the woods with my guide dog." The chopper crew, with their Vietnam-style training, naturally concluded they'd flushed a narcotics fugitive, and so they *bird-dogged* this potential criminal. They buzzed the copse of woods in which Marilyn Beckwith was cowering, with her terrified dog, from 8.30 in the morning until five in the afternoon, during which time a squad of ground troops undoubtedly tossed her cabin for evidence of sinse cultivation.

Evidently they found nothing of a controlled-substance nature in the Beckwith cabin, but nonetheless they buzzed it so aggressively the next day that Marilyn's son, being home at the time, packed his mom and her guide dog into his camper and tried to drive them off to safety. A chopper settled over their camper's roof at thirty feet altitude, and thundered over them all the long, twisty way back to the main road. "It was an extremely frightening experience to be buzzed by this helicopter," deposes Mrs. Beckwith, "and the experience upset my dog so much he lost his bowels while in the vehicle."

Dogs and other simple creatures do not realize that troop-carrying helicopters can be instruments of public safety and peacekeeping: in fact, large, loud, intrusive airborne objects tend to panic animals on an instinctive, primordial level, and keep them spooked permanently ever after, since the simple creatures atavistically mistake them for huge carnivorous prehistoric birds. After a month of being terrorized by helicopters, Mrs. Beckwith's dog was definitely a casualty of CAMP's 1984 War on Pot. "I have noticed a distinct change in my

dog's ability to help me," she deposes. "He has become extremely nervous, and has refused to take me to certain areas of our land where the helicopter harassment has been particularly severe."

Marilyn Beckwith, 53, who has been enjoying the solitude of the Humboldt forests for just three years now, may have to go back to being a blind woman in a noisy, scary city. She says she wants to move now. This is the second year in a row this has happened, and all the top authorities of the State of California promise she can expect it again in the autumn of 1985. With a vengeance.

OVER TO THE WEST OF GARBERVILLE, along Elk Ridge, the chopper-buzzing commenced on August 14 and continued on a daily basis until October. Eric Stronquist, Mark Jones, Jerry Anderson, Robert Smith, Judith Smith and Joel Moore all have widely-scattered homesteads along Elk Ridge: after comparing notes in late September, they confirmed that the CAMP copters had obviously taken special trouble to buzz every homestead along the ridge, by systematic rotation, all autumn long. "Southern Humboldt County in general, and the Garberville area in particular, has been singled out for intensive selective enforcement," they conclude therefore, and therefore allege. This takes a little guts.

CAMP "combat soldiers" shot the family dog right in front of the terrified children.


EVEN IF A PERSON IS NOT AT ALL ENGAGED in the criminal cultivation of cannabis, it takes a measure of audacity to complain for the public record about this paramilitary terrorism, as Alison Osborne discovered to her pain. Alison lives with her kids in a neat little cottage tucked back in the Brice land boonies, and on August 14, at 7:30 A.M., they were all still yawning and rubbing their eyes when a hellacious racket suddenly deafened everyone, rattling the windows. Just outside the windows was prowling a big monster Huey, passing back and forth inquisitively, carnivorously. Little kids who are not fed a steady diet of high-tech violence on telly do tend, something like simple animals, to be deeply spooked by sudden helicopter attacks. "They were afraid the helicopters were going to land on our house," Alison deposes—and she could not have confidently assured them they *wouldn't* land on the house, either, could she? "The younger child was crying. They have heard about 'marijuana raids,' and not knowing what this means, they are filled with fear."

So Alison Osborne, toward the end of August, went to Miranda and composed an affidavit for the NORML lawyers. "As a bystander, I strongly resent this invasion of my privacy and obvious attempt to scare and intimidate me and my family," she said, and she didn't care who heard about it, either.

Inevitably, those CAMP officers after that had a special personal relationship with Alison Osborne, and so in mid-September they bird-dogged her daughter.

All the morning of September 19, the Osborne family was kept indoors by helicopters buzzing the house at sub-treetop level, not fifty feet away. The troops sitting along the copter's crew-hatch with their guns, combat boots dangling over the skids, grinned and flashed the stinkfinger at anyone who looked out the window at them. Finally, after her adolescent resentment had built up to cabin-fever pitch, Alison's 12-year-old daughter took advantage of a relative lull to dart out of the house and head for the next-door neighbor's place, a quarter-mile across the meadows. The neighbor's daughter, who was visiting, took off with her, and they both were bird-dogged for twenty minutes straight.

It's easy to assume those soldiers with guns won't *really* shoot you from their helicopters, until they're so close your head is full of noise and the propwash is



thudding the breath out of your ribs. "When my daughter and her friend would hide under the bushes," Alison witnessed from her house, "the helicopters would lift up, when the girls would try to run to the nearest house, the copters would come again and frighten them, so they'd jump back in the bushes and hide. They saw guns, and thought they were going to be shot."

Chasing twelve-year-old girls across cow pastures with combat helicopters? Well, it'll sure make them think twice about smoking marijuana now, won't it? When someone offers one of these kids a joint, they'll know right from wrong, won't they?

□

ABOUT THE SAME TIME THEY COMMENCED buzzing the Osbornes on August 16, the CAMP copters also began "surveilling" the family of Susan McManus, over on Rancho Sequoia near Alderpoint. Two of them treetopped over her house numerous times, "flying at an angle so the people in the helicopter could observe us and what we were doing." They were also buzzing Andy Meserth's house, a couple miles further up the road; they buzzed the whole road for days on end, perhaps to divert attention from what happened on August 16, just across the county line in Hope, in Trinity County,

at the Rolincheck house.

Just after dawn on August 16, Gary Rolincheck took off from his cabin near Hope in Trinity County for his road-construction job, as usual. By nine that morning his whole family—his wife Judy, their 20-year-old daughter Deena, her husband Gary and their 15-month-old daughter Althea—were literally under fire from CAMP ground troops.

First, Judy deposes, a CAMP van blocked off their driveway, and then 15 troops in combat gear piled out with M-16s, clips in place. After they took up their SWAT positions, a troop who appeared to be in command howled for everyone to come out, with their arms up, and sit down on the porch.

"Our 12-year-old Doberman Pinscher, Duchess, was on the other side of the creek," Judy Rolincheck deposes. "She started barking, and came running toward the troops. Deena and I asked them to let us get Duchess, who had never bitten anyone in her life, so we could chain her up so she would not interfere with whatever these people wanted. The head troop told us no, to get back on the porch with our hands up, at which time the troop shot Duchess with a shotgun. She was crying, and Deena asked for someone to put her out of her misery. Another troop shot her with a rifle, so she died."

The soldiers shot the family dog right in front of the daughter, who had to beg to have the dog put out of her misery. No *National Velvet* sentimentality about the CAMP program, no sir. (California deputy attorney general Tom Dove tells *HIGH TIMES* that CAMP officers asked Judy three times to put Duchess on a chain, and when she didn't, they shot the family dog in "self-defense." Dove also says no one ever bird-dogged any 12-year-old girls with combat helicopters. Dove insinuates that all these people are lying, every single affidavit. This is the other side of the whole story, in a nutshell: all these people are lying, the government insinuates.) Then the soldiers had everybody bring forth their identification, one by one at gunpoint, except for little Althea. Meanwhile the dead dog was lying there all bloody in front of everyone. Judy Rolincheck continues:

"I asked if they had a warrant. I was told, they 'could get one.' I asked them to leave. No one did anything. We were detained on the porch for two-and-one-half hours. I was not even allowed to go back inside my cabin to get my cigarettes. While we were being detained, one of the uniformed law enforcement personnel, named Barr, informed us that they would not honor any subpoenas

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and they would not appear in court concerning the killing of Duchess."

Finally the thugs simply went away, without explanation or apology, or warrant, leaving Duchess to be buried after Gary came home for lunch.

Gary Rolincheck was audacious enough to drive straight into Hope to demand an explanation from a Trinity deputy sheriff there, Fred Carry. Carry said the troops, "just happened to gather" at Rolincheck's place, as part of a perfectly legitimate cannabis-eradication program.

And after that, of course it got personal. "Since that date and since my contact with Deputy Carry," Gary Rolincheck deposes, "I have been harassed as follows: whenever my pickup truck goes into town, the deputies come nearby. When I enter a bar or go into the store, either Deputy Carry or Deputy Dempsey happens to come into the store, wherever I am. In addition, I have been told by Detective Laffranchini, of the Trinity County sheriff's department, that I have been hanging out with 'bad company' [i.e., affidavit-collecting NORML attorneys] and that I should not do so." For his own good, presumably.

THAT WAS IN TRINITY, AUGUST 16 still very early in the season. The next day, back out near Alderpoint off the Rancho Sequoia road, CAMP copters flushed out and bird-dogged another houseful of women and children. Becky West, visiting two girlfriends in their half-built ranch house, found herself staring out the window straight into a helicopter combat crewhatch: "I saw the faces of two CAMP troops through the window. The helicopter then rose above the house, made a circle and landed in the yard next to the house. My boyfriend and I were frightened and left the house with a 12-year-old and a 5-year-old child. The helicopter chased us at least a quarter of a mile... flying treetop level, which I estimate to be approximately 150 feet." The two girls who stayed in the house "were held at gunpoint by the CAMP troops as the troops searched the house and their car. They stayed behind in spite of their fright, to protect their car from the invasion." Nothing of a narcotic nature was discovered, and nothing in the way of a search warrant was presented either.

THREE DAYS AFTER THAT, CAMP GAVE the rustic Blocksburg area a lively going-over. The trailer of Steven Swain was

entered and tossed, while he was off at work, two mornings in a row: "Everything was turned over, my cupboards had been gone through, and everything was a mess." The waterline feeding his goats was also severed with a knife, presumably to remind him that the authorities *can* mistake honest peoples' waterhoses for narcotics-irrigation paraphernalia.

DOWN IN THE NEXT HOLLOW BUT ONE OR two the chickens of David DeFrates stopped laying eggs that day in August, and continued barren for weeks, because of the continuous helicopter buzzing: "I depend on these chickens as part of my sustenance," deposes DeFrates. And he also deposes that when he tried to drive his girlfriend up to the Blocksburg general store that morning they ran into a CAMP roadblock.

"They ordered me to stop and refused to allow us to go back home," deposes DeFrates. "They first asked for vehicle ID and I asked to see a warrant. One of the troops stated that they had a 'blanket warrant' for a crime area."

Now, this "blanket warrant" notion was cited numerous times by several different CAMP officers when they were detaining people (see below), indicating that it's part of the knee-jerk training these animals undergo before they're unleashed by their administrators. There happens to be no such species of warrant in American jurisprudence. In fact, one of the most emotional justifications for the original American Revolution was the imposition of "general warrants" on whole neighborhoods at a time by the peacekeeping prosecutors of the Crown. (For the record, California state prosecutor Dove claims he's never personally heard the term "blanket warrant," and insinuates that all these Humboldt affiants made it up out of their heads. Independently of each other.) So whoever told these wholesome young CAMP jackboots to invoke "blanket warrants" to justify warrantless detentions and searches was, therefore, illegally subverting the permanently-granted statutes of the United States Constitution and that person has to desperately hope none of these hyped-up young stormtroopers ever undergoes a conversion reaction, and spills this person's name and training technique to the press or to the NORML attorneys.

Even though David DeFrates in Blocksburg didn't know much for sure about "blanket warrants" in August, 1984, he didn't see why he couldn't just take his girlfriend and go back home.

"You want to go back down there?" snarled a soldier with an M-16 at the roadblock. "You want to go to jail?" That got DeFrates pissed off.

"I told the troops it was none of their business what I wanted to do, since they were not producing any warrants. He then asked to see my hands for calluses. I responded, 'Yeah, I have calluses. I earn an honest living. Do you?' He then told me to turn around and leave. I observed one of the troops with his finger on the trigger of his weapon during the entire confrontation."

□

AT PRECISELY THE TIME THIS WAS HAPPENING that morning, just a couple miles over the hill, the CAMP copters spooked Kim Chamness out of her personal house, where she'd been watching *Good Morning, America* on telly. "By the time I was dressed and outside," she deposes, "there were helicopters dive-bombing above my head and into my tomato garden, which was approximately 30 feet from my trailer. I was scared. This was a new and horrifying experience for me. I decided to leave my home and to try to find out why this was happening to me. As I drove out, a chopper followed me. I could even see feet dangling out above me at a low level."

And when she finally got herself together to drive back home, she was stopped at a roadblock near her access track, where she was privileged to witness the callous-checking of David DeFrates, described above. "Since that day my cats jump at any loud noise and are skittish," she fretted to the NORML lawyers. "They even hunch up at the sound of a car motor"

□

THIS IS THE FIRST OF A TWO-PART SERIES detailing the 1984 CAMP horrors, in the words of the people who suffered and witnessed them, and had the courage to describe them in court, under penalty of perjury. Next month, *HIGH TIMES* will cover the rest of the 1984 CAMP frolics, from August 27 to the end of the season. In case these very zealous CAMP officers choose to disregard Judge Aguilar's injunction and break the laws again this summer, area residents who suffer and witness activities like this are at liberty to swear out their own declarations. The attorneys to contact include Ron Snowway and Mel Pearlsten in Miranda at 707-943-3152, Art Sohcot in San Francisco at 415 863-2600; William Logan in Three Rivers at 209-561-4695; and Elaine Leitner in San Francisco at (415) 391-5400. □

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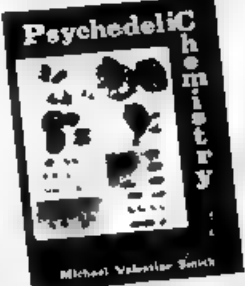
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Sports

/ continued from page 44

chemical abuse whenever there is the ubiquitous "reasonable cause" to suspect that a player is involved with drugs. But at least the players are judged on a case-by-case basis, rather than automatically being thrown to the wolves as a matter of policy. Disciplinary action by NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle may include fines, probation, mandatory rehabilitative treatment or suspension from the league. But there is no automatic banishment, and a player who has been suspended can apply for reinstatement and is usually allowed to resume his career.

The Ol' College High

Drug use does not begin when athletes enter the pros. Most sports stars have already developed at least a nodding acquaintance with dope long before they hit the big time. For those athletes who were raised in the ghetto, drugs have been around since childhood, even if they themselves have not been lured by the temptations of turning on.

By the time an athlete participates in sports on a major college level, drugs are an integral part of the game. And if the players can't find 'em, the coaches are often glad to oblige. Clemson University, a national collegiate sports powerhouse from South Carolina, was recently rocked by a doping scandal of big-league proportions. Three Clemson coaches were indicted by a grand jury on charges of illegally possessing and dispensing prescription drugs to athletes. Track coaches Sam Colson and Stan Narewski—who later pled guilty and were put on probation—and assistant football coach Jack Harkness were charged with doling out muscle relaxants and steroids to athletes on the track and football teams. The scandal came to light when a track star who had been given the muscle relaxant phenylbutazone died of a heart attack. In the wake of the scandal, both the President of Clemson and the school's athletic director were forced to resign. The judge who sentenced Colson and Narewski told them, "I suspect that you gentlemen found yourself in this predicament because of the national obsession to win." Therein lies the root cause of much of the drug abuse in college sports.

The steroid scandal spread to Vanderbilt University in Tennessee, when

South Carolina investigators uncovered a possible link to a Nashville-area physician who later admitted distributing steroids to as many as 50 Vanderbilt football players over a two-year period. The dope-dispensing doc, M. Woody Wilson, said that from late 1982 until September 1984 he made two or three trips a week in his delivery truck to the Vanderbilt campus and made an average sale of ten bottles of pills and liquid steroids per trip. Wilson said that he had previously observed many Vanderbilt footballers taking steroids before he decided to become their supplier. "Some players didn't know how to use them, and they were paying outrageous prices," said Wilson. "After some soul-searching, I decided to help out."

Whether it's steroids, prescription drugs or recreational dope, drug use is undeniably rampant in amateur athletics. The director of the U.S. Olympic Committee revealed after the summer games that 86 American athletes had tested positive for drugs before the Olympics and thus were not allowed to compete. And just as we were going to press, a point-shaving scandal rocked Tulane's basketball team. Three players were indicted for taking cocaine as a bribe to fix games for bookies.

The National Collegiate Athletic Association has been wrangling with the drug issue for a few years and may soon institute mandatory drug testing as a part of college sports. At their winter meetings early this year, the NCAA convention delegates postponed action on a controversial plan to set up drug testing at all championship games and post-season play. The delegates will reintroduce the plan at their summer meetings this month, and it's expected that the NCAA will formally adopt some form of drug testing for all college teams. Under the proposal discussed last winter, a first-time drug offender could lose athletic eligibility for his entire college career.

A Warrior's Wise Words

The NCAA's mindless proposal ending an athlete's career because of one positive drug test—is typical of the harshness with which the powers-that-be want to deal with the issue of drugs in sports. After all, athletes are supposed to be larger-than-life superheros, role models for the youth of America, not normal human beings with the same weaknesses as the rest of us. So when these icons are proven to have human foibles, they must be severely

punished, right?

Wrong. To get a more realistic viewpoint, **HIGH TIMES** consulted a man who knows whereof he speaks, a man who is not only one of the highest-ranking sports officials in America, but also a former world champion in the toughest sport of them all.

Jose Torres was recently appointed Chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission by Governor Mario Cuomo. Torres is eminently qualified for the position. He was light heavy-weight champion of the world in the mid-'60s, he has been a longtime political activist who numbers among his friends the late Bobby Kennedy, Norman Mailer, writer Pete Hamill and many of the politicians who have held power in New York during the last 20 years; and he had previously served a term as one of the State Athletic Commissioners. Jose Torres is a man who has seen the sports world as few men have—both as athlete and official. He is also a man who grew up in the barrios of Puerto Rico and has lived and worked as an activist and organizer in the ghettos of New York. So he is well-qualified to talk about the drug issue.

Entering the offices of the NYSAC, the first thing we noticed was a large sign reading, "ATTENTION ALL BOXERS/MANAGERS. New York State law requires that all boxers must undergo a urine analysis for drug usage. Any boxer who uses illegal drugs will not be permitted to fight in New York State." That seemed pretty ominous, but under the administration of Jose Torres, the rules are more flexible and more realistic.

After laughingly asking a **HIGH TIMES** reporter, "You want us to give you one of our drug tests?" (we respectfully declined), Jose explained his approach to the drug issue. "I think it's very hard to try and eliminate drugs from sports, but I think it's worth a try."

"We have a machine that can detect the presence of drugs in a fighter's system. The first time we used it, we found six fighters who had been using drugs, mostly cocaine, and one of the guys was a main event fighter. We didn't have any official policy on drugs then, and I didn't feel we should call the cops on these guys. So we had them come to my office with their managers. We told them what we knew, and they apologized and promised not to do it again. Some even cried."

"And the more we did that, the less cases we had. It was a real deterrent. I felt that we had to let the fighters and

/ continued on page 96

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A Monthly Report on Drugs and the Law

Written in consultation with Kevin Zeese, NORML Chief Counsel

The DeLorean Defense

How DeLorean's lawyer beat the government frame-up and won the case

by Howard Weitzman

From a talk given by Weitzman at the NORML Seminar held December 7 and 8, 1984, in Key West, Florida.

THE DELOREAN CASE SHOWED HOW far the government can go to frame somebody they know is not involved in criminal activity. The case was motivated for reasons other than the war on drugs. The government picks someone and puts him in a position to make it look like he's committing a crime; they choreograph and create all the various scenes to make it look like he's committing a crime when, in fact, the agents know, and those people involved with the investigation know that this person is not a criminal.

More than any other single piece of evidence, the government videotape won the case. Every single juror, with but four exceptions out of 144 interviewed, said, "I saw John DeLorean do a drug deal." That tape without any explanation could fairly and reasonably have been interpreted to have been a drug deal. Not only was it not a drug deal, it was totally choreographed by the government. When you get involved in a case with videotaping, there are certain things you need to look for. First, think to yourself what exactly was the purpose of the videotaping. The sole purpose for that tape was jury impact.

For years cases were tried and won or lost without video or audio tapes. But the government has realized that one picture is worth a thousand words. People believe what they see on the screen and it has a tremendous impact on the jury. The government agents conceded under cross-examination that the purpose of the tape was that they believed the jury would eat it up if they saw DeLorean in a room with cocaine.

The government agents know in ad-

vance that they are being filmed, everything they say, every move they make, every twitch of the nose, every scratch of the ass and every touch of the car is going to be picked up on that videotape, so they are very careful what they say and what they do. Roles are concocted, given out and the action rehearsed. The subjects, of course, don't have that same caution.

So I asked each of the agents, "Did anybody ever suggest to you that you should wait to see what subjects John DeLorean wants to talk about?" Answer, "No." The reason, I explained to the jury, was that it was obvious John DeLorean was not going to talk about drugs. If the agents didn't talk about them, there would have been no conversations about drugs. Every conversation that involved illegal conduct was initiated by the government. They brought up the words "heroin" and "cocaine" over and over again.

THE GOVERNMENT'S feeling was that if the jury saw a videotape of John DeLorean sitting in a room with these people and they were talking about heroin, cocaine and money-laundering, they would bury him. The fact that they conceded on cross-examination DeLorean had no experience with drugs, that he was naive, and that he probably didn't understand exactly what they were talking about, didn't really sink into their thick minds. Nor that if somebody took some time to ask the right questions, their case would fall apart.

Mr. Tisa was a government agent who looked great at first. My first question on cross-examination was, "Can you explain to me what John DeLorean did?"

He blinked and then said, "Well, he conspired to possess and distribute drugs."

I said, "No. I didn't ask you what he was charged with, I asked you what

he did."

He said, "He conspired to possess and distribute drugs."

Later on, I asked, "Sir, let me break it down a little simpler for you. Can you tell me what did John DeLorean, physically do or say?"

Mr. Weitzman, I don't understand your question."

"Okay. Let me ask you a number of questions. Did John DeLorean ever possess any cocaine?"

"No."

"Did John DeLorean ever distribute cocaine?"

"No."

"Was John DeLorean supposed to sell any cocaine?"

"No."

"Was John DeLorean supposed to buy any cocaine?"

"No."

"Did John DeLorean ever give you any money?"

"No."

"Now, sir. What exactly did John DeLorean do?"

"He met with agents and Mr. Hetrick and Mr. Hoffman and discussed selling cocaine."

"Did he ever discuss selling cocaine or did you all discuss selling cocaine?"

"I don't understand your question."

"Sir, did John DeLorean ever mention, ever say the words 'heroin' or 'cocaine'?"

"No."

"Did John DeLorean ever engage in a conversation where he talked about buying or selling drugs?"

"No."

"Who raised the issue of selling drugs?"

"The government."

"Who brought the drug dealer to John DeLorean?"

"The government."

"Who provided the money to the drug dealer?"

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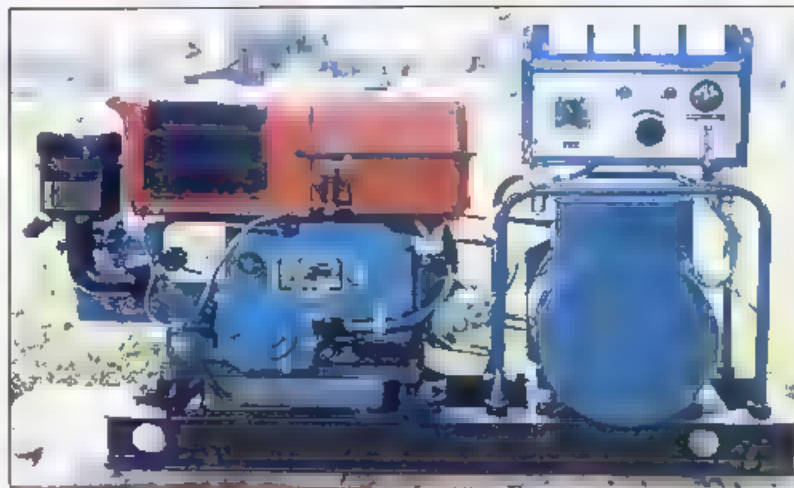
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Real Teens: Two Views

Two documentaries have recently been released that offer uncompromising, gritty portraits of two diverse groups of American teenagers. *Seventeen* looks at working-class high school kids in Muncie, Indiana, while *Streetwise* checks out streetkids in Seattle. Managing Editor Barbara O'Dair viewed *Seventeen* and Associate Publisher David Harrison did likewise for *Streetwise*.

Seventeen

ONE COMMON VIEW of standard documentary filmmaking is that it's done by well-meaning liberal types (roving sociologists on wheels)

recording what the well-oiled commercial film biz avoids. It's the assumption here that, sooner or later, all good documentaries can and will end up on public television

Not so *Seventeen*—a film about a group of working-class teenagers in their senior year of high school in Muncie, Indiana—which was

bounced from its scheduled public TV debut. Made by Joel DeMott and Jeff Kreines, *Seventeen* was filmed over the 1980-81 school year and completed in 1982. Although since that time the film has been enthusiastically received in Europe and at film festivals around the U.S., *Seventeen* is only now touring selected filmhouses across the country after its official theatrical premiere, at New York City's Film Forum several months ago.

Why the time lag between production and premiere? *Seventeen* was originally made-for-TV as one segment in a six-part series entitled *Middletown*, produced by Peter Davis for PBS, and it was the only segment in the series that was ultimately rejected by PBS after being deemed "unsuitable" for the delicate sensibilities of its projected audience

You see, those self-same well-meaning liberal types balked at the real thing: *Seventeen's* content, which includes interracial dating and kissing, pot-smoking and under-



● Lynn Massie (left) and Wendy Gregory, in a scene from *Seventeen*.

age drinking, foul language and active if affectionately-embroidered contempt for the classroom.

This down-to-earth record of senior year outtakes from the lives of only somewhat typical American teens comes far closer to a perfect picture of its topic than do any in the recent spate of mass-market teen films, from *Risky Business* to *The Breakfast Club*. By refusing to romanticize the kids into larger-than-life roles, or cynically lampoon them, as do many commercial films, or to whitewash teenagehood as perpetuated by most TV-teen shows, DeMott and Kreines give us a balanced and moving picture of coming-of-age in Muncie

THE HIGHLIGHTS OF senior year *Seventeen* gives us—the prom, the championship basketball game—are true big events but appear almost obligatory here beside the magic the camera catches in the routine activities of each day. In *Seventeen*, the familiar takes on a magnificence of its own.

The fascination with the everyday is also accentuated by the filmmaking technique of DeMott and Kreines, which gives this documentary an immediacy and intimacy many others lack. Both filmmakers use a "one-person sync rig" which combines a camera and small tape recorder. The filmmakers are thus able to participate easily and actively in the filmed sequences. This method draws the viewers in as well, and makes for some remarkable footage.

LYNN MASSIE EMERGES as a kind of star in *Seventeen*, not only because she is so self-possessed and charismatic, and the mix of her girlishness and boyishness is so appealing, but also because she serves to bridge the black and white teen worlds. Her peer group includes black kids, and she's dating one of the basketball team's black players. The tension this creates in the community (a small cross is burned on the Massie family lawn, Lynn and her mother receive vaguely threatening

phone calls from "black girls at school") is folded into the general narrative pace of the film, and sets the scene on the home front for honest talk about racism and, on a personal level, about Lynn's dilemma as a white girl with black friends in Muncie

Although this film belongs primarily to Lynn, her life is intertwined with others—her black male friends, her white girlfriends, her white male friends, her parents and teachers—enough so that we get a pretty complete slice-of-life of American working-class teenagehood. These kids aren't experimental subjects or artifacts, and race, class and sex aren't file folders parts of their lives fall into. These "issues" and "problems" present not the "harrowing indictment of the American system of education" nor the "tragic portrayal of lost American youth" which some might claim is the point of a film like *Seventeen*. Instead, these problems filter into the knotty relationships these teenagers have, and attempt, with each other. The film gives us almost all of the broad and subtle gestures that make these

connections possible

Oh, and this is a very funny film. Since it's a human comedy, the joke's on all of us, and it's a stirring and good-natured one, too

—Barbara O'Dair

Streetwise

"I LOVE TO FLY," says 17-year-old "Rat," the growth-stunted guide to Seattle's mean streets. "No one to hassle you, no one to tell you where to go or what to do. The only bad part about flying is having to come back down to the fucking world." The kids in *Streetwise* can fly in their imaginations to a world of wealth, comfort or just plain normalcy that has been denied them in real life. But like Rat, whose flights consist of dives off a low bridge, the *Streetwise* kids cannot fly for long. They must quickly return to the real world, a world of poverty, violence, prostitution, drugs and death, a world where they must hustle constantly just to survive. *Streetwise* is a painfully up-close look at that world and the teenagers who inhabit it. The documentary crams more raw human emotions into its

92 minutes time than any ten Hollywood fiction films.

Streetwise originated as a *Life* magazine article, written by Cheryl McCall and photographed by Mary Ellen Mark. But McCall and Mark felt that the article was not enough to encompass the humanity of these young people, they decided a documentary film was the only way to do justice to the subject. They went to outlaw superstar Willie Nelson and his wife Connie, who put up the seed capital that got the documentary rolling. McCall and Mark brought in Mark's husband, British filmmaker Martin Bell, to handle the directing chores, and the three hit the Seattle streets with a small crew.

The confidence they won from the teens is what makes *Streetwise* work. You never feel the presence of the camera. The streetkids are so remarkably unselfconscious that you really feel you are a part of their lives. At times, you wish you weren't. For these are lives that were wrecked almost before they had a chance to begin.

"Tiny" is a 14-year-old hooker

/ continued on next page

Screen Scene

• June 21 is the scheduled national release date for *Cocoon*, a sci-fi blockbuster that could be one of this summer's biggest hits. *Cocoon* is the story of visitors from a distant galaxy who return to earth to retrieve a secret hidden on the ocean floor thousands of years ago. *Cocoon*'s cast spans two generations of stage and screen performers, from Don Ameche and Jessica Tandy to Tyrone Power, Jr. and Tahnee Welch (daughter of Raquel). The film was directed by Ron "Don't call me Opie" Howard.

• Coolest comedy of the summer could be *Brewster's Millions*, which stars two of the world's most fab funny men, Richard Pryor and John Candy. Pryor plays Monty Brewster, a man with a problem most of us would love to have: he must spend \$30 million in 30 days in order to inherit a much larger fortune of \$300 million. But there's a catch. At

the end of the 30 days, Monty cannot own any assets. In other words, he doesn't just have to spend a million a day for a month, he has to blow it! Monty does have one ace in

the hole—his buddy Spike, played by John Candy. If Candy's appetites in this film are as gargantuan as in previous films such as *Splash*, he'll have no problem blowing 30 mil. *Brewster's Millions* should be playing in a theater near you even as you read this.



• Pryor and Candy play pals in *Brewster's Millions*.



Photo by Mary Ellen Mark

● *Lillie, the Sad One, one of the Streetwise Kids.*

whose alcoholic mother thinks her daughter's prostitution is "just a phase she's going through right now." When Tiny tries to get a little attention from her mother on one of the girl's rare visits home, she instead gets rebuked. "Don't bug me," Mom says, "I'm drinkin'."

Still, Tiny's mother is not totally uncaring, and the filmmakers are careful not to heap blame on her. At one point, the camera lingers sympathetically on her as she reveals her ultimate nightmare: "My fear is that someday I'll get a phone call or there'll be a knock on the door, and she won't be there anymore."

NEAR THE END of the film, Tiny has been busted and is visited in jail by Rat, who has become her boyfriend. Here are two teenagers with such an aching need for love—they've certainly never gotten any at home—but with a streetwise wariness of showing emotion that will not allow them to communicate their feelings. When they finally share a farewell embrace, with tears rushing down Tiny's baby face, it is agonizing to see

Then there's Lulu, a 19-year-old lesbian who is tougher than most of

the guys on the street. "Every guy I ever met fucked me over," she says matter-of-factly. But Lulu isn't looking for sympathy; she's far too street-hardened for that. Her self-appointed mission is to protect the more vulnerable streetkids. While performing that duty, she has had her nose broken five times, her jaw fractured three times, and the bones around her eyes permanently rearranged.

Among the most heart-wrenching streetkids we meet is DeWayne, another young boy (he is 16) whose growth has been stunted by his unhealthy life. DeWayne's father is a lifelong conman and failed arsonist who is doing a long stretch in the slammer. We go along as DeWayne visits his dad and, again, the presence of the camera seems to go unnoticed. From behind the steel-and-glass divider, the father lectures his young son. "Don't smoke too much," Dad says, lighting up a cigarette. "It's bad for you." The convict continues in a stereotypical father-son lecture he must have picked up from a TV show, then tells DeWayne sincerely, "I love you a whole big bunch. I'm all you've got, and you're all I've got

And together, no one can whip us." It's a moment that offers a telling hint of the tragedy that provides the film's climax.

The overriding feeling that lingers after viewing *Streetwise* is helplessness. The filmmakers have shown us teenagers who can be considered, through no fault of their own, the "dregs of society" and have made us care so intensely for these kids, it's almost unbearable to realize that there is nothing we can do to help them. The "system"—social workers, free clinic staffers, truant and probation officers—has failed, the freelance do-gooders (mostly from religious groups) have failed, and even the filmmakers do not seem to have made much of a difference in the streetkids' lives. So we are left wishing that we could undo the hurt that has been done to these kids, and give them the love they so desperately need. But that's not possible.

And so we can only *feel* for the *Streetwise* teens—and fervently hope that fate will be more kind to them in the future than it has been in the past. But chances of that happening are lamentably slim.

—David Harrison

Case

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"The government."

This was the first day of my cross-examination and you could see things begin to turn. The jurors were looking at Tisa like he just crawled out from under the floor. I continued my cross-examination regarding the "arrest tape."

"Sir, before you made this tape did you determine that you were going to arrest John DeLorean at some certain part of the tape?"

Yes."

"Did you make that decision before the tape?"

"Yes."

"The cocaine that we saw on the table in the videotape, did Mr. DeLorean know that cocaine was going to be in the room?"

"No."

"Who brought the cocaine in the room?"

"Agent Valestra."

"Now you had arrested Mr. Hetrick the night before? That's the person that brought you the cocaine, right?"

"Correct."

"That's the cocaine that you told the jury that John DeLorean was supposed to buy?"

"Right."

"Didn't you tell John DeLorean that if he flew to California you'd give him a ten-million-dollar check to invest in his company?"

"I never told him that."

"Did anybody in the government tell him that?"

"I don't know."

Okay. Why wasn't John DeLorean arrested in New York?"

"Well, we wanted to get him on tape."

"What did you want to get him on tape for?"

"We wanted to show the jury what his reaction was."

"What his reaction was to what?"

"To the cocaine."

"The meeting we saw videotaped was not a drug deal. Correct?"

"Yes."

"It was only created to show DeLorean's reaction to the jury. Correct?"

"Yes."

AT THE VERY MOST, John DeLorean agreed to take these supposed drug dealers' money and morally it may have been the wrong thing to do, because he knew the supposed source of the money. The government knew that

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Yet this year over 30 million Americans will take advantage of an immense tax loophole. They will evade paying over \$15 billion in tax revenue. Isn't it time to stop this tremendous drain on our nation's economic resources?

American agricultural entrepreneurs have created a new revenue source for our economy, despite resistance and interference from the government bureaucracy. This new market represents an economic boon for America's farmers, and a potential new source of tax revenue.

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These entrepreneurs have enjoyed an

unprecedented free market under both Republican and Democratic administrations, but we think it's time the government makes them pay their fair share of tax dollars. As recently as 1982 the National Academy of Sciences recommended the regulation of this important new cash crop, just as a Presidential Commission did 10 years ago. Opponents claim that, like tobacco, it is harmful to health. Yet the government subsidizes the tobacco market so farmers can receive \$1.70 a pound, while it outlaw this new crop which would bring farmers ten times that without government subsidy.

What is this new crop? Well, so much misinformation has been spread about it that you probably haven't guessed. It's marijuana, one of the most lucrative and wide-spread "tax shelters" of all time. Marijuana policy has been an expensive failure America can no longer afford. Bring it under control, keep it away from children, create new tax revenues, take billions of dollars from crime, fund a credible drug education program, and help reduce the deficit. Marijuana: it's time for a new look.

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Case

/ continued from previous page

that was all he wanted to do and they came to him, offering to launder their money through a legitimate bank. But what they did, they got him engaged in all those conversations in which they talked about drug deals and drugs. My cross-examination of Hoffman brought this out.

"Who told you to mention the words 'heroin' and 'cocaine' on the tape?"

"Well, sir, it was discussed at a meeting."

"Who told you to?"

Mr. Walsh [the prosecutor]."

"And did he tell you why he wanted you to mention heroin and cocaine on the tapes?"

"Yes."

"What did he tell you?"

"Because he wanted to be sure that John DeLorean knew what I was talking about."

"So you for the first time in any conversation with John DeLorean mentioned heroin and cocaine, is that right?"

"That's right."

"You told Mr. DeLorean on that tape you had an alternate plan that dealt with heroin and cocaine because the first financing plan you had for him fell through. Is that right?"

"That's right."

"The first financing plan didn't involve drugs, did it?"

"Yes, it did."

"Did you talk about it on any of the tapes?"

"No."

"Did you lie under oath to the grand jury when you said you recorded all of your conversations with Mr. DeLorean?"

"No, I just made a mistake."

"Did you tell the prosecutors you lied?"

"No."

Hoffman conceded that it was the government's idea to introduce the subject of heroin and cocaine into the meeting, but DeLorean never introduced it, talked about it, or engaged in a conversation in which he involved himself with drugs—ever.

Once we spent time cross-examining the witnesses and showing the jury what actually took place, they found John DeLorean "Not Guilty."

The primary lesson of the DeLorean case is that the system sometimes works, but it requires the public to accept that law enforcement can conduct itself in an outrageous manner to convict innocent persons for selfish reasons.

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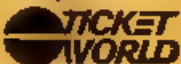

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Queens of Noise

by John Leland

THE LEAD GUITARIST, dressed to thrill in leather and studs with a leather cap crowning a shaggy blonde mane, struts across the stage and leans into a scorching, earsplitting solo: searing high-register runs, deafening feedback, full-speed-ahead picking; then, an assault on the mike: "I'm going to town/I'm gonna tear it down/Looking for some action/To get a piece of your heart/With a piece of my head/It's like a chain reaction."

Yeah, yeah, so what's the big deal? Another night at the arena with the boys, and another macho metal band promising heavy rockin' tonight. Except that the cock-rocker raising hell center stage isn't David Lee Roth or Dee Snider or any of their emulators in low-camp drag, but one Lita Ford, heavy metal's most promising, ascendant guitar hero. And this isn't just a night out with the boys. The faithful up front, wildly waving their studded wrist bands, number a good per-

centage of women in their ranks.

The word is out. Heavy metal, that obnoxious, Neanderthal, sexist crude, last bastion of primitive rock n' roll rebellion, is no longer just for the boys. In bold defiance of sexual taboos, acts like Lita Ford, Wendy O. Williams, Girlschool, Rock Goddess, Madam X, Bitch and Widow have kicked their way into the men's room and proven that you needn't have balls to play music that does.

There have been plenty of prominent female figures making loud noise in contemporary rock. Pat Benatar made her mark belting out heavy rock, although she has since renounced the hard stuff in favor of mad-tempo numbers. Joan Jett's high-tack glam pop packs metal's decibel crunch, if not its overkill credo. Dale Bozzio of Missing Persons and Berlin's Terni Nunn have redefined high-powered theatrical sex rock. The Go-Go's got the beat without any help from the boys, and blazed a path which the Bangles

seem primed to follow. But all have steered clear of the really nasty stuff.

Conversely, Lita Ford and the other above-mentioned queens of noise (bending the rules a bit for the Heart-like Widow) have plunged right into the belly of the beast, that barbaric metal slimepit where misogyny is the next best thing commercially to devil worship; where upstarts Great White boast, "Gonna drive my love inside you/Gonna nail your ass to the floor," and Mötley Crüe confounds good lovin' and premature ejaculation: "Shine my pistol some more/Here I cum/Just ten seconds more." So the question arises: What are nice girls like these doing in a sleazy place like this?

"It's stuck in my veins," says Ford. (Blood seems to be an important symbol of devotion: Roxy Petrucci, drummer for the sexually integrated Madam X, says that for her and guitarist sister Maxine, "Heavy metal was always in our blood," and Robin Taylor, singer in Widow, says, "Once you start doing this it gets in your blood.")

● Lita Ford

TO BE HONEST, I don't know what runs in Lita Ford's veins. But whatever it is, I wish I could get some of it in mine. After a disreputable start and a dismissable debut album, she has become one of the most exciting and dynamic performers in rock. Nominated for a Grammy for Best Female Rock Vocal Performance, she is first and foremost an incendiary flash guitarist. Her sophomore LP, *Dancin' on the Edge*, a balls-out (excuse me) rocker from the word go, is a powerful slice of vinyl. She's also the first recording artist, Grammy nominee or otherwise, to call me a "fuck."

Ford's career epitomizes both the breakthroughs and the pitfalls faced by women in heavy rock. She began alongside Joan Jett in the Runaways, basically a Hollywood jailbait exploitation band manipulated by Svengali Kim Fowley (a man, in case you're keeping score).

Photos by Ebert Roberts



"The Runaways were young, and we listened to what everybody else told us," says the twenty-five-year-old Ford. "Someone said, 'Wear this, and we'd go, 'Oh, okay.' The Runaways were out there just for the boys. And it was very difficult to be taken seriously because of the way we presented ourselves. That's everything I'm not now."

While Fowley attended to the sleaze factor and Jett supplied the pop base, lead guitarist Ford gave the music its metal edge. She never considered heavy metal to be male turf. "The first show I ever went to was [Black] Sabbath at the Long Beach Arena. It was great. It was so loud and powerful. And everybody was getting high, and the kids were having a great time. I thought, God, I've got to do this!"

She already had a guitar; the Black Sabbath show inspired her to woodshed. Kim McAuliffe, guitarist and vocalist of Girlschool, describes Ford as one of those obsessive people who keeps her guitar with her constantly. The necessity of paying these dues, thinks Ford, is one of the barriers that cause aspiring women metalmongers to fall off the bandwagon. "Heavy rock is something that takes years and years to develop. A lot of women—I think their families keep them from doing that. It might be difficult for a young girl to pick up a guitar and just want to crank it through a Marshall in the living room."

Fortunately, no one ever suppressed this urge in Ford, and she swings her axe with impressive authority. "When the Runaways broke up, I thought, why the fuck hasn't there been a female Hendrix, a female guitar great? Because no one really put in the effort and stuck to it to break the ice. They always get so far, and they can't get any farther—and I think that's because if you're female, you have to be twice as good to be as good."

Although Ford's obvious talent will tear the ears off any sucker foolish enough to believe women can't rock, she isn't free of this preconception herself. She uses strictly male musicians in her band "because I thought men would be stronger and stick with the fight that I knew I had to go through." She is, however, willing to make exceptions when the facts prove her

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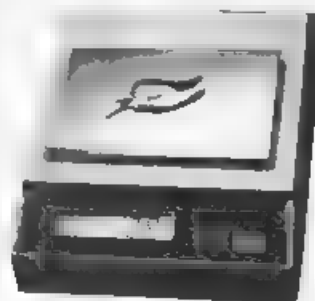
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Clash of the TV Titans

by David Harrison

ANDRE THE GIANT lies unconscious in the center of the ring. The seven-foot-four, 492-pound Andre is the most popular wrestler in the world

a comic book-type superhero worshipped world wide by millions of fans of every race, age and nationality. But at this moment Andre is a truly pathetic figure.

He looks like a beached whale, albeit one with long, curly hair wrestling trunks and size 17 boots. Looming over the fallen giant are two truly menacing badguys: six-foot-ten-inch 364-pound Big John Studd and ex-Olympic superheavyweight weightlifter Ken Patera. This awesome tag team combination has mercilessly ganged up on Andre and knocked him senseless with a vicious series of forearm smashes, kicks and kneelifts to an unmentionable area which the TV announcer invariably refers to as "the midsection."

Into the ring jumps Bobby "The Brain" Heenan, an insufferably arrogant, absurdly overdressed manager of no known scruples. "The Brain" brandishes a large pair of haircutting shears. Smiling fiendishly, he displays the shears to the

horrified crowd, then hands them to Studd. Studd and Patera proceed to cut large chunks out of Andre's flowing mane, tossing the hair into the air with maniacal glee. The crowd is outraged. Fans are screaming, wailing, shouting unspeakable curses at the badguys.

"Studd and Patera are raping the dignity of Andre the Giant, a man who is recognized as one of the greatest athletes in all the world," howls the blow-by-blow announcer, Vince McMahon. Studd stands triumphantly in the center of the ring, clutching two fistfuls of Andre's shorn locks, taunting the frenzied crowd.

This is one of the most despicable scenes in the entire history of the World Wrestling Federation," McMahon bellows, "as Studd and Patera continue to rape Andre's dignity."

Welcome to another evening of TV wrestling.

Roughly a month after The Andre Incident appeared on TV for the first time (it was subsequently replayed repeatedly for those unfortunate viewers who may not have seen the initial screening), I



Illustration by Jeff Wong

Slick promo and a rock connection make wrestling cable TV's highest-rated sport

was in Madison Square Garden to witness, live and in the flesh, Act I of Andre's Revenge. The victim was Ken Patera, lesser of the two evil-doers, along with his manager, Bobby "The Brain." Andre exacted awesome revenge, often mauling Patera and Heenan simultaneously to the delight of the sold-out Garden crowd, 25,000-plus people who had assembled to witness the acting out of a blood feud that had begun on television.

I had barely stepped inside my apartment after the matches when my roommate yelled, "It's gonna be on TV! Come watch!" Sure enough, the final sports story of the night, the one that had been hyped before the commercial break, was a run-down of the wrestling results. "Let's go to the videotape," shouted sportscaster Warner Wolf. And there, on tape, were highlights of the matches I had just witnessed, climaxing with Andre's demolition of Patera and Heenan. This was not some seedy independent station. This was the 11 o'clock news on the CBS network affiliate in the biggest city in America, hyping wrestling matches.

Thus was confirmed, once and for all, the re-marriage of TV and wrestling.

TELEVISION BEGAN its love affair with wrestling in the late '40s, when Gorgeous George elevated the role of badguy to a fine art. It's hard to imagine the impact of the Gorgeous one on TV audiences in the '40s and '50s, but the fact is that George was credited, along with Milton Berle, with the initial surge in sales of TV sets. Before long, there were Gorgeous George dolls, Gorgeous George bathrobes, Gorgeous George athletic supplies and even Gorgeous George turkeys, raised on the Gorgeous George ranch.

The '60s ushered in a two-decade decline of TV wrestling, as the hip revolution deemed these tacky exhibitions the ultimate in uncool. Wrestling was relegated to obscure UHF stations, and only diehard fans continued to follow the exploits of Bruno Sammartino, Bobo Brazil, Gorilla Monsoon (now a TV

wrestling announcer) and their cohorts in chaos. But in the early '80s, with Reagan in the White House and a conservative fervor sweeping the country, wrestling was ripe for a revival.

Enter Vince McMahon of the World Wrestling Federation. The 39-year-old McMahon represents the third generation of the WWF's ruling family. His first coup came as a broadcaster for the televised WWF matches. Unlike the hucksters who had broadcast matches in the past, McMahon sounded like a real sportscaster, lending new credibility to the hokey bouts.

In the meantime, McMahon was exploiting the classic confrontations that have always been the bedrock of wrestling's appeal: the goodguys vs. the badguys. The between-matches interviews with the wrestlers, during which they heap threats and verbal abuse on their upcoming opponents, are the most outrageous and enjoyable part of TV wrestling shows and provide potent free advertising for non-televised matches. Voiceover announcements also interrupt the commentary to hype matches in

**TV wrestling
is the last true
morality play
of good vs. evil
left in our
fragmented
society.**

the local area. Thus the TV audience is primed to plunk down dollars at the box office for the next "mat spectacular."

McMahon's mastery of the TV medium, coupled with his genetically-inherited sense of the best promotional ploys, shot the WWF to the top of the wrestling heap, all but eliminating nationally televised competition from the other major federations (the NWA and the AWA, which have since banded together to try to counter the WWF's dominance).

By late 1984, the WWF had won the lucrative contract (formerly held by the NWA) to broadcast its matches over Ted Turner's cable superstation, WTBS. Under McMahon's guidance, the WWF also provides three separate highly-rated weekly wrestling shows to the USA cable network (including the first-ever wrestling talk show!), as well as over 100 local wrestling shows to stations from coast to coast.

On WTBS, wrestling regularly scores higher ratings than baseball (Turner's Atlanta Braves) and basketball (the Hawks) combined. And after only five months on the air, the aforementioned wrestling talk show, *TNT* (Tuesday Night Titans), became the highest-rated prime time show on the USA network and one of the most popular shows anywhere on cable TV, according to the showbiz bible, *Variety*. The show was so popular that USA eventually moved it to Friday night to cash in on *TNT*'s enormous appeal.

TNT must be seen to be disbelieved. Using a format similar to the *Tonight* show, McMahon and his fey English co-host, Lord Alfred Hayes, interview mat stars and showcase the grapplers' non-wrestling talents: Manager "Classy" Freddie Blassie ("The Hollywood Fashion Plate") answers viewer mail in an Advice to the Lovelorn segment, working on a set festooned with hearts and flowers. Intercontinental champion Greg "The Hammer" Valentine gets a massage from his leopard skin bikini-clad wife, Tony "Mr. USA"

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Atlas and Paul "Mr. Wonderful" Orndorff engage in a bodybuilding posedown. Scotsman "Rowdy" Roddy Piper plays the bagpipes. S.D. "Special Delivery" Jones performs with a steel band. Ivan "Polish Power" Putski sings. Andre tells jokes. Kamala the Ugandan Giant eats a live chicken.

WRESTLING'S BIGGEST promotional breakthrough has been the "Rock 'n' Wrestling Connection." It began with a feud between rocker Cyndi Lauper and mat manager Captain Lou Albano, a dispute that was settled by a wrestling match using surrogate lady wrestlers in "The Brawl to Settle It All." "The Brawl" was telecast live on MTV as part of an hour-long special on the Lauper-Albano feud. That special was one of the highest rated shows in MTV history.

A subsequent feud developed between Cyndi and bodacious badguy Roddy Piper, with WWF champ Hulk Hogan coming to Cyndi's aid and challenging Piper to a bout on behalf of the rock-wrestling alliance. "The War to Settle the Score" became one of the most widely-publicized events in cable TV history, as celebrities from Gloria Steinem ("Roddy Piper is not fit to wear a skirt," she said of the

kilt-clad Scotsman) to Mr. T lined up in defense of Cyndi and the rock 'n' wrestling connection. "The War" ended in a ring riot, with Mr. T saving Cyndi and the pulverized Hulk from the wrath of Piper and fellow baddie Paul (the fans derisively call him "Paula") Orndorff. This set the stage for "Wrestlemania," a mat spectacular broadcast worldwide on closed-circuit TV, the highlight of which was a tag team showdown between Hulk and Mr. T on one side and Piper and Orndorff representing the forces of evil.

It took less than a year for the rock-wrestling hookup to catapult the "sport" from cult status to genuine media phenomenon (and chi chi acceptance by New York trendies such as Andy Warhol, Diane Keaton and Joe Piscopo). The mund boggles at what the future holds for the WWF under the promotional wizardry of Vince McMahon.

But what about The Big Question: Is wrestling fake? Well, ABC newsman John Stossel posed that question to badguy "Dr. D" David Schultz, as part of a 20/20 report on wrestling. Schultz slapped Stossel upside the head, knocking the stunned newsie on his butt. "That was an open-hand slap," snarled Schultz. "Was that fake?"

When Stossel got up, the bad doctor belted his other ear, and once again the chastised reporter hit the deck.

The point is, nobody asks if the violence in movies is fake, or the violence in the theater, or the violence elsewhere on TV. Sure, the violence in wrestling is all part of the show, and a damn good show it is. Watching a wrestler leap gracefully off the top rope, fly through the air and headbutt his prone opponent in the center of the ring (as is the specialty of Jimmy "Superfly" Snuka) is a helluva lot more exciting than watching two bozos hugging in "legitimate" Olympic-style wrestling.

TV WRESTLING is the last true morality play left in our increasingly fragmented society, the ultimate confrontation of good vs. evil. It's also an often exhilarating display of acrobatic athletic skills by larger-than-life sportsmen/showmen. And most importantly, it's *fun*.

"Pro wrestling is not a sport like the NFL," says Vince McMahon, "and it's not theater like Broadway. We can say what it's not, but it's hard to say what it is."

It's easy for me to say what wrestling is. It's my favorite TV sport.

VideoVision

- Cyndi Lauper's new video will feature two of our heroes, Captain Lou Albano and the WWF world wrestling champ Hulk Hogan. The video is for "Good Enough," a song Cyndi wrote for the Steven Spielberg production *Goonies*. It also stars another regular in the Lauper video stock company, Cyndi's mom, Catrine. The video was directed by Richard Donner, who also helmed the flick.

- Rhino Records, the wacko label that evolved from an L.A. record store, is now in the video biz. Not surprisingly, the first titles they're releasing are totally off-the-wall. Rhino's first four videos will feature "crazed, camp" movie classics, including the redoubtable "Orgy of the Dead" (the touch-

ing tale of a zombie go-go girl) and "The Commies Are Coming! The Commies Are Coming!" We can't wait till Rhino releases a live concert tape of Wildman Fisher.

- By now you've undoubtedly been saturated with hype for the USA for Africa project, *We Are the World*. We'll add our two cents to the deluge



- USA for Africa: Lionel Richie, Daryl Hall, Stevie Wonder, Quincy Jones, Paul Simon.

because whether or not you like the song or all the people who sing it, the whole thing was done for a very important cause: famine relief in Africa. Of the money raised from sales of the single, album, videotape and related merchandise, 35 percent goes to Africa for immediate relief, with heavy emphasis on medical care, medicine and vaccines; 35 percent goes for seeds, fertilizer, farm implements and the means to generate water supplies; 20 percent will be used to create long-term economic development programs; and ten percent will be used to help the hungry and homeless here in the States. The videotape is in stores now. If you don't want to buy it, please send a contribution directly to the USA for Africa Foundation, 6420 Wilshire Blvd., 19th floor, Los Angeles, CA 90048.

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wrong. "I'd have Roxy [Petrucchi, drummer in Madam X] in my band," she says. "She's fucking great."

INDEED. SHE IS. Roxy and her guitarist sister Maxine disprove the notion that sidemen have to be men. Classically trained on flute and clarinet, they abandoned this noble calling for the more exciting heavy metal because, according to Maxine, "There were so many girls in classical." Like Ford, they are very serious about their chops, albeit a bit unenlightened in their choice of yardsticks. "We play like men," boasts Maxine, "if not better. We're real hardcore, and we have all the technique." Roxy agrees: "I can play harder than a lot of guys I know."

The sisters Petrucci are the most troubling women I interviewed for this article. They view their female peers as debs who shy away from heavy metal for fear that "their makeup's going to run. They can't grow their nails," says Roxy. Maxine adds that "Girls are always interested in fashion. If you were to make rock 'n' roll more fashionable, there'd be more girls." She dismisses other women who have taken the plunge into metal with the ultimate condescending slur, "They're good for girls."

They also see the sexism prevalent in heavy metal—particularly in videos—as a legitimate means for bands to build followings. "We don't care how bands use girls," says Maxine. "These guys are just trying to find a way to get themselves into a highly competitive field." This attitude extends to Madam X's lyrics, in which violence is explicit: "F's for fighting/C is for chew/K is for knuckles/All I need is you." "You can have any kind of lyrics in rock 'n' roll" is all the explanation Maxine offers.

SURPRISINGLY, NONE of the women I spoke with came down hard on sexist lyrics. Robin Taylor, singer for the otherwise all-male Widow, likes metal maniacs W.A.S.P. even though she finds their song, "Animal (Fuck Like a Beast)" to be "very sexist." "If you could see the way

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HIGH 5IVES

Our Alternative Record Charts by John Leland

ALBUMS & EPs

1. **Hüsker Dü**, *New Day Rising* (SST). Oh yeah! They write better songs than R.E.M., and rock them harder than the Sex Pistols. Or Van Halen, for that matter. And they bust anything in between. Is this the great second-wave punk record we've been waiting for? And more importantly, is this the best band in America?

2. **Run-D.M.C.**, *King of Rock* (Profile). Doesn't measure up to their debut (what in this flawed world does?), but at its loudest, this mother is mean. The title track goes one up on "Rock Box," and the Hollis crew is badass throughout. Which is not always for the best.

3. **Various Artists**, *New Africa* (Celluloid). Fela, Manu Dibango, and others cross over (and I mean cross over) into high-tech New York dance grooves, and give up nothing in the process—except some righteous cross-cultural funk. This platter is hot.

4. **Big Boys**, *No Matter How Long the Line is at the Cafeteria, There's Always a Seat* (Moment). Austin's aptly-named Big Boys pack the drive of hardcore punk and the hard groove of power funk into a wallop that at its best transcends the limits of either. Like all my album picks for this month, this baby is loud.

5. **Man Sized Action**, *Five Story Garage* (Reflex). They were never even in the running for the now hotly contested title of coolest band in Minneapolis, but this unpretentious bunch deserves credit for this semi-arty, semi-trashy semi-punk. It's their swan song, damn it, but it sure makes a good memento.

SINGLES

1. **New Jersey Mass Choir**, "I Want to Know What Love Is" (Savoy). I love the Foreigner version (oh God, did I really admit that?), but this gospel rendering owns the tune.

2. **L.L. Cool J**, "I Need a Beat" (Def Jam). If your name were L.L. Cool J, you'd get laid so often it's not funny. And if you need a beat, this spartan monster has a big one.

3. **Fearless Four**, "Dedication" (Tuff City). Nice harmonizing and a killer synthesizer hook rock the pants off this otherwise perfunctory rap attack.

4. **Imperial Brothers**, "Live It Up" (Cutting). This platter soars to hiphop heaven on the wings of its sinister snare beat.

5. **Sparky "D"**, "Sparky's Turn (Roxanne You're Through)" (NIA). The latest and leastest in the Roxanne saga, this one finds the divine Miss D warning the Rox that she isn't the only fox on the block.

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Profile, 1775 Broadway, New York, NY 10019

Celluloid, 48 W. 38th St., New York, NY 10018

Moment, P.O. Box 12424, Austin, TX 78711

Reflex, Box 8646, Minneapolis, MN 55408

Savoy, 342 Westminster Ave., Elizabeth, NJ 07208

Def Jam, 5 University Place, New York, NY 10003

Tuff City, 46-31 Vernon Blvd., Long Island City, NY 11101

Cutting, 111 Dyckman St., New York, NY 10040

NIA, 159 W. 63rd St., New York, NY 10019





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women react when a group comes around," she says, "they deserve what they get." Ford's answer to W.A.S.P. is not to take them seriously as musicians, "because of the way they present themselves. What does blood coming out of your mouth have to do with playing guitar?" Girlschool's Kim McAuliffe just ignores it. "A band like Deep Purple hasn't got stuff like that. When people say heavy metal, they think it means one kind of music. There's all kinds of metal. Not every band sings, 'I'm gonna nail your ass to the floor.'" None of the women was at all deterred from metal by the genre's overt sexism.

Girlschool might have been a repeat of the Runaways. "We were very much of a novelty group when we first started," admits McAuliffe. The band members couldn't play their instruments, and so they exploited their novelty to escape scrutiny. "We were quite shrewd, really," says McAuliffe. "We thought, 'Keep it all girls, and we'll be alright.'" Their novelty cut both ways, however. "A few promoters wouldn't even give us gigs, because we were all girls. They thought we would be so bad that

● Girlschool



they didn't want to book us."

But the band stuck with it and now gets over on its distinctive glam metal sound rather than novelty. "We're basically in it for the way of life and the music, and hopefully the people that come to see us like our music." For Girlschool, the "way of life" is the stuff of rock 'n' roll legend. When I spoke with McAuliffe at one o'clock on a Friday afternoon, she was still up drinking from the night before. "People ask us, 'What's it like to be a female band on the road?'" McAuliffe says. "Well, it's like being a male band on the road."

HEAVY METAL, love it or loathe it, remains rock's last numerically significant rebel aberration. It embodies

everything parents fear from today's youth. And like most menaces to society, its allure is strongest among males, for whom the outlaw has always been a viable role model. But the women who have entered the slimepit report that their gender has never been an obstacle. For them, even more so than for the men, rock 'n' roll offers an alternative to the straitlaced mainstream adult middle-class lifestyle. And a damned exciting one.

The queens of noise offer themselves as examples to other women. Maxine Petrucci leads the cheer: "If you want to do it, do it. Go for it. It's not as hard as it looks." And Kim McAuliffe adds, "If they have half as much fun as we have, they'll love it."

Sports

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their managers know that we have this machine and we're using it, so the fighters won't use the fucking drugs till after the fight.

"Now that every boxer in the state of New York knows that he is going to be tested before every fight, the number of fighters caught using drugs is going down and down. So I think the deterrent factor is working."

Though Jose was a strong proponent of the deterrent power of testing, as opposed to punishment or banishment, not surprisingly there were others who favored harsher measures. "Our Medical Advisory Board, after a very heated discussion, felt that any drug, including marijuana, found in a boxer's system should cause that boxer to be banned from boxing. I felt that was unfair."

"I wanted to know what the effects of different drugs would be on the brain of a fighter and what effects they would have on the fight. There were a lot of different opinions, so I felt we should

have different degrees of response. I mean, to bar a guy from boxing because of marijuana is bullshit. It's bullshit. To ban him for Valium is bullshit. So we give them chances if they're on marijuana or other soft drugs.

"But with heroin or hard drugs, then they're going to be in trouble. Still, we try to talk to them and tell them not to do it anymore."

When asked why he thought so many athletes seemed to be turning to drug use these days, Jose gave basically the same answer as most other experts: money and boredom. Couple the skyrocketing salaries and huge fees being paid to modern-day athletes with the large amount of down-time they have, and the situation is ripe for drug abuse.

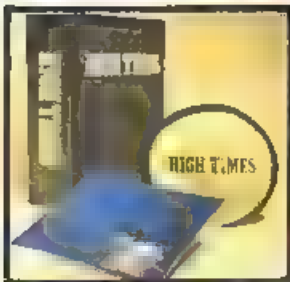
But Jose Torres has a far different view of the overall drug issue than most sports officials. "I believe that if anyone comes here from another planet and finds out this civilization puts people in jail for smoking something that grows in the ground or for sniffing something that the earth produces, they would say, 'Fuck these people—let's go back to Mars. These people are fucking crazy!'"

Therein lies the problem. Otherwise rational people get downright crazy when it comes to the subject of drugs, especially drugs in sports. Sure, no true sports fan, including those of us at *HIGH TIMES*, wants to think the outcome of a game will be determined by drugs. But that doesn't mean athletes should automatically be denied the right to make a living just because they choose to get high. Nor should their human rights be abridged by forcing them to undergo Big Brother dope testing.

A final twist: J. Michael Robbie, the General Manager of the Miami Dolphins (one of the teams in this year's Super Bowl) and son of the Dolphins' owner, was recently busted for possession of pot and driving under the influence of alcohol. Does this mean that pro sports management will now be subjected to routine drug testing? We doubt it. The point is, now that the shoe is on the other foot, and the marijuana traces are in management's urine rather than players', maybe the authorities who govern organized sports will learn to take a more humanistic approach to the drug issue.

But don't bet on it... □

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Year of the Bud

by Ed Rosenthal

THE RESPONSE TO our designating 1985 the International Year of the Bud has been phenomenal. We have received letters of support from around the world. Domestically, heads all over the U.S. have joined the efforts.

Fred in Oregon said, "When I was in Vietnam, the government wanted body counts. Now the government claims that every seedling is 'so many pounds worth.' If they want a plant body count, we'll give it to them. Seedlings and plants everywhere! This blitz will also serve as a great decoy—by keeping them preoccupied with stuff that was never expected to be harvested. So then the real harvest can get through."

Fred's statement catches the spirit of the IYOTB. Our war is one for the hearts and minds of America.

The police, court system, mental health "experts" and researchers who continue to profit from this un-American prohibition of liberties are trying to convince the public that marijuana is a dangerous drug. By implication, the users are criminals and civil liberties guaranteed in the Bill of Rights are worth sacrificing in the endless search for contraband.

THE POT COMMUNITY has little organized resistance to this nonsense. Only

in Oregon, where the Oregon Marijuana Initiative is organizing for the 1986 ballot, is there any ray of hope for progressive law changes. Prohibition was finally overturned in 1933 when the forces of reason prevailed. Enlightened labor, government and business realized that the law was worse than demon rum (even though alcohol is responsible for many deaths).

The IYOTB offers pot users the choice of unorganized resistance. For instance, Kevin Zeese, director of NORML, observes, "Each year marijuana use and cultivation has gone up. It's been Year of the Bud for about 15 years. Everyone appreciates designating 1985 formally as Year of the Bud."

Tom Alexander, publisher of *Sinsemilla Tips*, says, "Since 1984 was a bumper sinsemilla crop, despite the eradication effort by authorities, it is appropriate that 1985 be designated International Year of the Bud."

Besides planting, there is one more thing that you can do to make IYOTB a real success. Last year the Oregon Marijuana Initiative collected enough signatures to put a legalization proposition on the ballot but it was illegally kept off by the Oregon Secretary of State. This year the Initiative group is ready to collect so many valid signatures that the state cannot cheat them again. But OMI needs our help. They are fighting for all of us. If we win Oregon, even if we just get on the ballot, it will have a positive impact for marijuana law reform throughout the world.

APPROPRIATELY enough, it being the IYOTB, OMI is planning a signature blitz this summer. Last year it gathered 80,000 signatures and was "disqualified" on the basis of falling short of the required amount by exactly 20 validated names. This time they are planning to hand in more than 100,000. But this takes a lot of money. All potsmokers and their supporters should be able to send some in. If you can afford an ounce of weed, you can afford the same amount to secure your political rights. Same thing for cultivators and dealers. You make your money off pot, you owe it something. Remember, OMI has no one else to turn to. If you don't give, who will?

Give an ounce. Whether you grow, buy or sell, you should give the cost of one ounce of dope that you use. If it's \$30—the "commercial" rate for an ounce of Colombian—that's okay. Or \$250 an ounce Thai. Whatever you use, give the equivalent cost in money. A small price to pay to put legal marijuana on the map in the contiguous U.S. I have visited the organizers and believe that they are capable of putting the issue before the voters.

Send checks and money orders to Oregon Marijuana Initiative, P.O.B. 8698, Portland, OR 97207. They'll send you all kinds of membership material. □

HIGH TIMES wants to know what you think about the issues that concern us all. Send your opinionated essay to "Sound Off," HIGH TIMES, 17 W. 60th St., New York, NY 10023. All submissions should be 500-700 words typed, with a self-addressed, stamped envelope enclosed if you want your essay returned.

COMING IN JULY

SPECIAL SUMMER FUN ISSUE! There is a cure for the summertime blues: our red-hot July issue!

● **A TOKER'S TOUR OF EUROPE:** Planning an overseas vacation this summer? We'll tell you how to get high in Holland, loaded in Lisbon, stoned in Spain, bombed in Britain, blasted in Berlin, and completely crazed in all the capitals on the Continent.

● **THE DECADENT DIET:** Like to party all night? Consume mass quantities of controlled substances? Drink till your liver

aches? Well, you better make sure you're giving your body the proper nutrition to compensate for the craziness. Rock star and nutritionist Terri Nunn from the group, Berlin, offers a no-nonsense guide to health in the fast lane.

● **MONTY PYTHON'S MICHAEL PALIN:** A side-splitting interview with one of England's leading lunatics. Palin talks about the past, present and future (?) of the Pythons and his upcoming film, *Brazil*.

PLUS: A souped-up look at the garage band revival, a goodtime guide to fun in the sun and a tripped-out trivia quiz on the '60s.



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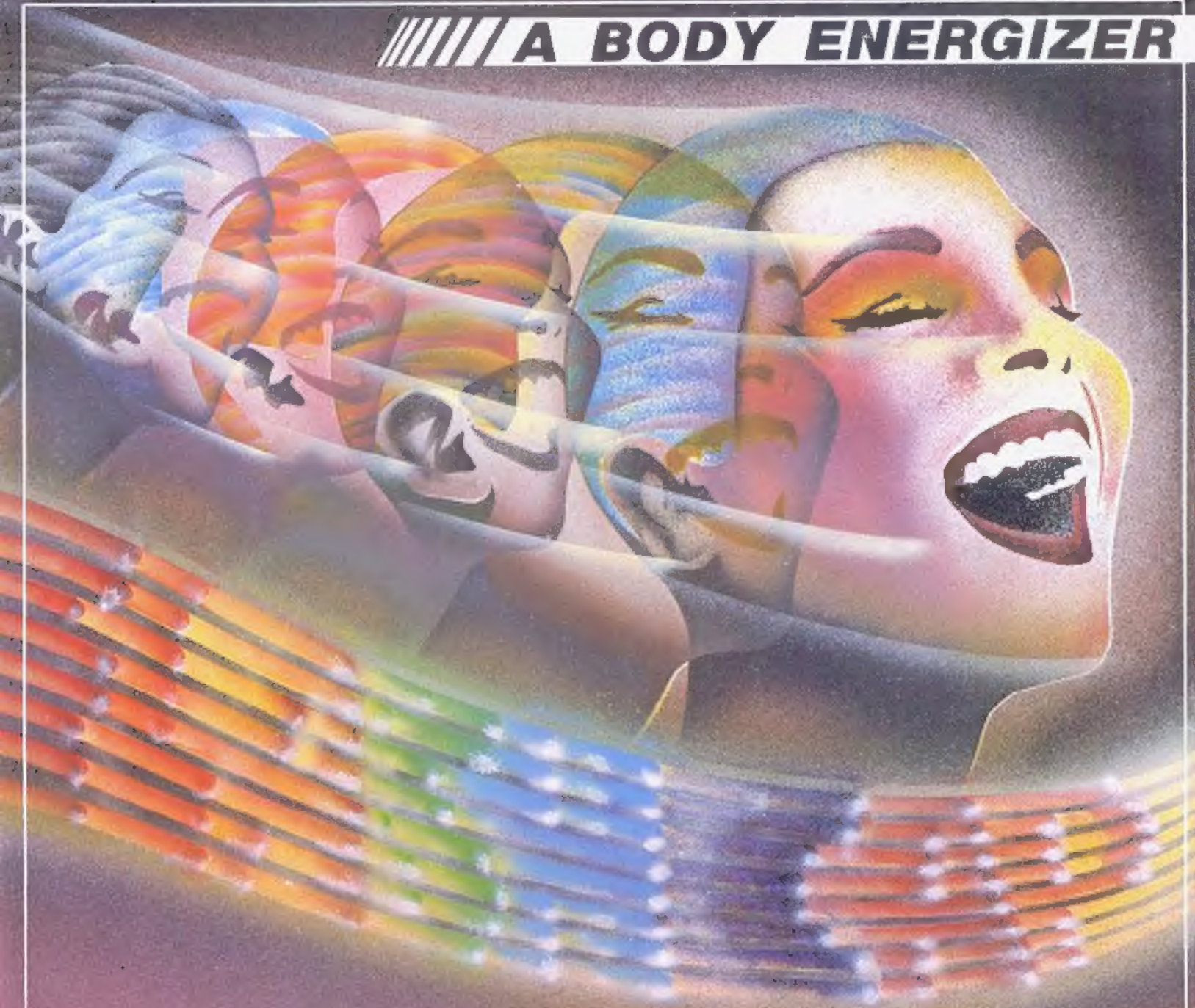


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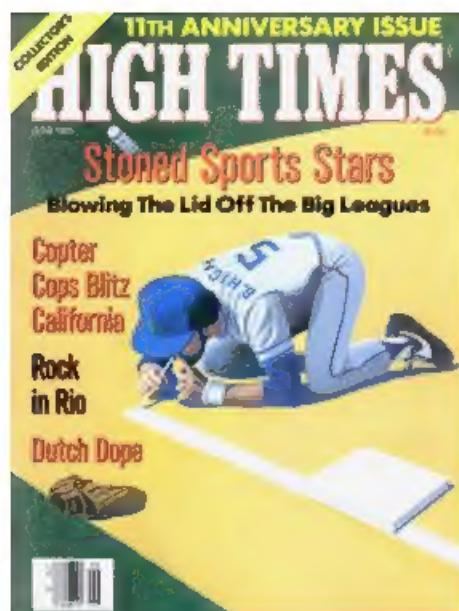
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JUNE 1985



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